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JOSEPH RUSHBROOK;

OR,

THE POACHER.

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VOL. III.



JOSEPH RUSHBROOK;

OR,

THE POACHER.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF PETER SIMPLE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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# THE POACHER.



## CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH OUR HERO RETURNS TO HIS  
FORMER EMPLOYMENT, BUT ON A GRANDER  
SCALE OF OPERATION.

OUR hero had received from Mary the name and address of Mrs. Phillips's brother, and, on inquiry, found that he was known by everybody. Joccy dressed himself in his best suit, and presented himself at the door about ten o'clock in the morning as Joseph O'Donahue, the name which he had taken when he went to Gravesend, and by which name he

had been known to Mrs. Phillips and her daughter Emma, when he made occasional visits to their house. He was admitted, and found himself once more in company with his friend Emma, who was now fast growing up into womanhood. After the first congratulations and inquiries, he stated his intentions in coming down to Portsmouth, and their assistance was immediately promised. They then requested a detail of his adventures since he quitted Gravesend, of which Joey told every thing that he safely could; passing over his meeting with Furness by simply stating that while he was asleep his knife-grinder's wheel had been stolen by two men, and that when he awoke he dared not offer any opposition. Mrs. Phillips and her daughter both knew that there was some mystery about our hero which had induced him to come to and also to leave Gravesend; but, being assured by Mary and himself that he was not to blame,

they did not press him to say more than he wished ; and, as soon as he finished his history, they proposed introducing him to Mr. Small, the brother of Mrs. Phillips, in whose house they were then residing, and who was then in his office.

“ But perhaps, mamma, it will be better to wait till to-morrow, and in the meantime you will be able to tell my uncle all about Joey,” observed Emma.

“ I think it will be better, my dear,” replied Mrs. Phillips ; “ but there is Marianne’s tap at the door, for the second time ; she wants me down stairs, so I must leave you for a little while ; but you need not go away, O’Donahue ; I will be back soon.”

Mrs. Phillips left the room, and our hero found himself alone with Emma.

“ You have grown very much, Joey,” said Emma ; “ and so have I too, they tell me.”

“ Yes, you have indeed,” replied Joey ;

“you are no longer the little girl who comforted me when I was so unhappy. Do you recollect that day?”

“Yes, indeed I do, as if it were but yesterday. But you have never told me why you lead so wandering a life; you won’t trust me.”

“I would trust you with any thing but that which is not mine to trust, as I told you four years ago; it is not my secret; as soon as I can I will tell you every thing; but I hope not to lead a wandering life any longer, for I have come down here to settle, if I can.”

“What made you think of coming down here?” asked Emma.

“Because you were here; Mary told me so. I have not yet thanked you for your present, but I have not forgotten your kindness in thinking of a poor boy like me, when he was far away; here it is,” continued Joey, taking out the pencil-case, “and I have loved

it dearly," added he, kissing it, "ever since I have had it in my possession. I very often have taken it out and thought of you."

"Now you are so rich a man, you should give me something to keep for your sake," replied Emma, "and I will be very careful of it, for old acquaintance' sake."

"What can I offer to you? you are a young lady; I would give you all I had in the world, if I dared, but ——"

"When I first saw you," rejoined Emma, "you were dressed as a young gentleman."

"Yes, I was," replied Joey, with a sigh; and, as the observation of Emma recalled to his mind the kindness of the M'Shanes, he passed his hand across his eyes to brush away a tear or two that started.

"I did not mean to make you unhappy," said Emma, taking our hero's hand.

"I am sure you did not," replied Joey, smiling. "Yes, I was then as you say; but

recollect that lately I have been a knife-grinder."

"Well, you know, your friend said, that it was the nearest thing to a gentleman; and now I hope you will be quite a gentleman again."

"Not a gentleman, for I must turn to some business or another," replied Joey.

"I did not mean an idlegentleman; I meant a respectable profession," said Emma. "My uncle is a very odd man, but very good-hearted; you must not mind his way towards you. He is very fond of mamma and me, and I have no doubt will interest himself about you, and see that your money is not thrown away. Perhaps you would like to set up a bum-boat on your own account?" added Emma, laughing.

"No, I thank you; I had enough of that. Poor Mrs. Chopper! what a kind creature she was! I'm sure I ought to be very grateful to her for thinking of me as she did."

“I believe,” said Emma, “that she was a very good woman, and so does mamma. Recollect, Joey, when you speak to my uncle, you must not contradict him.”

“I am sure I shall not,” replied Joey; “why should I contradict a person so far my superior in years and every thing else?”

“Certainly not; and as he is fond of argument, you had better give up to him at once; and, indeed,” continued Emma, laughing, “everybody else does in the end. I hope you will find a nice situation, and that we shall see a great deal of you.”

“I am sure I do,” replied Joey, “for I have no friends that I may see, except you. How I wish that you did know every thing!”

A silence ensued between the young people, which was not interrupted until by the appearance of Mrs. Phillips, who had seen Mr. Small, and had made an engagement for our hero to present himself at nine o'clock on the following morning, after which communication our hero

took his leave. He amused himself during the remainder of that day in walking over the town, which at that time presented a most bustling appearance, an expedition was fitting out; the streets were crowded with officers of the army, navy, and marines, in their uniforms; soldiers and sailors, more or less tipsy; flaunting ribbons and gaudy colours, and every variety of noise was to be heard that could be well imagined, from the quacking of a duck, with its head out of the basket in which it was confined to be taken on board, to the martial music, the rolling of the drums, and the occasional salutes of artillery, to let the world know that some great man had put his foot on board of a ship, or had again deigned to tread upon *terra firma*. All was bustle and excitement, hurrying, jostling, cursing, and swearing; and Joey found himself, by the manner in which he was shoved about right and left, to be in the way of everybody.

At the time appointed our hero made his

appearance at the door, and, having given his name, was asked into the counting-house of the establishment, where sat Mr. Small and his factotum, Mr. Sleek. It may be as well here to describe the persons and peculiarities of these two gentlemen.

Mr. Small certainly did not accord with his name, for he was a man full six feet high, and stout in proportion; he was in face extremely plain, with a turned-up nose; but, at the same time, there was a lurking good-humour in his countenance, and a twinkle in his eye, which immediately prepossessed you, and in a few minutes you forgot that he was not well-favoured. Mr. Small was very fond of an argument and a joke, and he had such a forcible way of maintaining his argument when he happened to be near you, that, as Emma had told our hero, few people after a time ventured to contradict him. This mode of argument was nothing more than

digging the hard knuckles of his large hand into the ribs of his opponent—we should rather say gradually gimleting, as it were, a hole in your side, as he heated in his illustrations. He was the last person in the world in his disposition to inflict pain, even upon an insect—and yet, from this habit, no one perhaps gave more, or appeared to do so with more malice, as his countenance was radiant with good-humour, at the very time when his knuckles were taking away your breath. What made it worse, was, that he had a knack of seizing the coat lappet with the other hand, so that escape was difficult; and when he had exhausted all his reasoning, he would follow it up with a pressure of his knuckles under the fifth rib, saying, “Now you feel the force of my argument, don’t you?” Everybody did, and no one would oppose him unless the table was between them. It was much the same with his jokes: he would utter them,

and then, with a loud laugh, and the insidious insertion of his knuckles, say, "Do you take that, eh?" Mr. Sleek had also his peculiarity, and was not an agreeable person to argue with, for he had learnt to argue from his many years' constant companionship with the head of the firm. Mr. Sleek was a spare man, deeply pock-marked in the face, and with a very large mouth; and, when speaking, he sputtered to such a degree, that a quarter of an hour's conversation with him was as good as a shower-bath. At long range Mr. Sleek could beat his superior out of the field; but, if Mr. Small approached once to close quarters, Mr. Sleek gave in immediately. The captains of the navy used to assert that this fibbing enforcement of his *truths*, on the part of Small, was quite contrary to all the rules of modern warfare, and never would stand it, unless they required an advance of money; and then, by

submitting to a certain quantity of digs in the ribs in proportion to the unreasonableness of their demand, they usually obtained their object ; as they said he “knuckled down” in the end. As for Mr. Sleek, although the best man in the world, he was their abhorrence ; he was nothing but a watering-pot, and they were not plants which required his aid to add to their vigour. Mr. Sleek, even in the largest company, invariably found himself alone, and could never imagine why. Still he was an important personage ; and when stock is to be got on board in a hurry, officers in his Majesty’s service do not care about a little spray.

Mr. Small was, as we have observed, a navy agent—that is to say, he was a general provider of the officers and captains of his Majesty’s service. He obtained their agency on any captures which they might send in, or he cashed their bills, advanced them money,

supplied them with their wine, and every variety of stock which might be required; and in consequence was reported to be accumulating a fortune. As is usually the case, he kept open house for the captains who were his clients, and occasionally invited the junior officers to the hospitalities of his table, so that Mrs. Phillips and Emma were of great use to him, and had quite sufficient to do in superintending such an establishment. Having thus made our readers better acquainted with our new characters, we shall proceed.

“ Well, young man, I’ve heard all about you from my sister. So you wish to leave off vagabondising, do you ?”

“ Yes, Sir,” replied Joey.

“ How old are you? can you keep books?”

“ I am seventeen, and have kept books,” replied our hero, in innocence; for he considered Mrs. Chopper’s day-books to come under that denomination.

“And you have some money—how much?”

Joey replied that he had so much of his own, and that his sister had so much more.

“Seven hundred pounds; eh, youngster? I began business with £100 less; and here I am. Money breeds money; do you understand that?” and here Joey received a knuckle in his ribs, which almost took his breath away, but which he bore without flinching, as he presumed it was a mark of good-will.

“What can we do with this lad, Sleek?” said Mr. Small; “and what can we do with his money?”

“Let him stay in the counting-house here for a week,” replied Mr. Sleek, “and we shall see what he can do; and, as for his money, it will be as safe here as in a country bank, until we know how to employ it, and we can allow 5 per cent. for it.” All this was said in a shower of spray, which induced Joey to wipe his face with his pocket-handkerchief.

“Yes, I think that will do for the present,” rejoined Mr. Small; “but you observe, Sleek, that this young lad has very powerful interest, and we shall be expected to do something for him, or we shall have the worst of it. You understand that?” continued he, giving Joey a knuckle again. “The ladies! no standing against them!”

Joey thought that there was no standing such digs in the ribs, but he said nothing.

“I leave him to you, Sleek. I must be off to call upon Captain James. See to the lad’s food and lodging. There’s an order from the gun-room of the *Hecate*.” So saying, Mr. Small departed.

Mr. Sleek asked our hero where he was stopping: recommended him another lodging close to the house, with directions how to proceed, and what arrangements to make; told him to haste as much as he could, and then come back to the counting-house.

In a couple of hours our hero was back again.

“Look on this list ; do you understand it ?” said Mr. Sleek to Joey ; “it is sea-stock for the *Hecate*, which sails in a day or two. If I send a porter with you to the people we deal with, would you be able to get all these things which are marked with a cross ? the wine and the others we have here.”

Joey looked over it, and was quite at home ; it was only bumboating on a large scale. “O, yes ; and I know the prices of all these things,” replied he ; “I have been used to the supplying of ships at Gravesend.”

“Why then,” said Mr. Sleek, “you are the very person I want ; for I have no time to attend to out-door work now.”

The porter was sent for, and our hero soon executed his task, not only with a precision, but with a rapidity, that was highly satisfactory to Mr. Sleek. As soon as the articles

were all collected, Joey asked whether he should take them on board—"I understand the work, Mr. Sleek, and not even an egg shall be broke, I promise you." The second part of the commission was executed with the same precision by our hero, who returned with a receipt of every article having been delivered safe and in good condition; Mr. Sleek was delighted with our hero, and told Mr. Small so when they met in the evening. Mr. Sleek's opinion was given in the presence of Mrs. Phillips and Emma, who exchanged glances of satisfaction at Joey's fortunate *débüt*.

## CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE TURNS A  
SPOKE OR TWO IN FAVOUR OF OUR HERO.

IF we were to analyze the feelings of our hero towards Emma Phillips, we should hardly be warranted in saying that he was in love with her, although at seventeen years young men are very apt to be, or so to fancy themselves. The difference in their positions was so great, that although our hero would, in his dreams, often fancy himself on most intimate terms with his kind little patroness, in his waking thoughts she was more an object of adoration and respect—a being to whom he was most ardently and devotedly attached—

one whose friendship and kindness had so wrought upon his best feelings that he would have thought it no sacrifice to die for her ; but, the idea of ever being closer allied to her than he now was had not yet entered into his imagination ; all he ever thought was, that if ever he united himself to any female for life, the party selected must be like Emma Phillips ; or, if not, he would remain single. All his endeavours were to prove himself worthy of her patronage, and to be rewarded by her smiles of encouragement when they met. She was the loadstar which guided him on to his path of duty, and, stimulated by his wishes to find favour in her sight, Joey never relaxed in his exertions ; naturally active and methodical, he was indefatigable, and gave the greatest satisfaction to Mr. Sleek, who found more than half the labour taken off his hands ; and, further, that if Joey once said a thing should be done, it was not only well done, but done

to the very time that was stipulated for its completion. Joey cared not for meals, or any thing of that kind, and often went without his dinner.

“Sleek,” said Small, one day, “that poor boy will be starved.”

“It’s not my fault, Sir ; he won’t go to his dinner if there is any thing to do ; and as there is always something to do, it is as clear as the day that he can get no dinner. I wish he was living in the house altogether, and came to his meals with us, after the work was done ; it would be very advantageous, and much time saved.”

“Time is money, Sleek. Time saved is money saved ; and, therefore, he is worthy of his food. It shall be so. Do you see to it.”

Thus, in about two months after his arrival, Joey found himself installed in a nice little bed-room, and living at the table of his patron, not only constantly in company with

the naval officers, but, what was of more value to him, in the company of Mrs. Phillips and Emma.

We must pass over more than a year, during which time our hero had become a person of some importance. He was a great favourite with the naval captains, as his punctuality and rapidity corresponded with their ideas of doing business ; and it was constantly said to Mr. Sleek or to Mr. Small, "Let O'Donahue and I settle the matter, and all will go right." Mr. Small had already established him at a salary of £150 per annum, besides his living in the house, and our hero was comfortable and happy. He was well known to all the officers, from his being constantly on board of their ships, and was a great favourite. Joey soon discovered that Emma had a fancy for natural curiosities ; and as he boarded almost every man-of-war which came into the port, he soon filled her

room with a variety of shells and of birds, which he procured for her. These were presents which he could make and which she could accept, and not a week passed without our hero adding something to her museum of live and dead objects. Indeed, Emma was now grown up, and was paid such attention to by the officers who frequented her uncle's house (not only on account of her beauty, but on account of the expectation that her uncle, who was without children, would give her a handsome fortune), that some emotions of jealousy, of which he was hardly conscious, would occasionally give severe pain to our hero. Perhaps, as his fortunes rose, so did his hopes; certain it is, that sometimes he was very grave.

Emma was too clear-sighted not to perceive the cause, and hastened, by her little attentions, to remove the feeling; not that she had any definite ideas upon the subject any more than Joey, but she could not bear to see him look unhappy.

Such was the state of things, when one day Mr. Small said to Joey, as he was busy copying an order into the books, "O'Donahue, I have been laying out some of your money for you."

"Indeed, Sir! I'm very much obliged to you."

"Yes; there was a large stock of claret sold at auction to-day; it was good, and went cheap. I have purchased to the amount of £600 on your account. You may bottle and bin it here, and sell it as you can. If you don't like the bargain I'll take it off your hands."

"I am very grateful to you, Sir," replied Joey, who knew the kindness of the act, which, in two months, more than doubled his capital; and, as he was permitted to continue the business on his own account, he was very soon in a position amounting to independence, the French wine business being ever after-

wards considered as exclusively belonging to our hero.

One morning, as Joey happened to be in the counting-house by himself, which was rather an unusual occurrence, a midshipman came in. Joey remembered him very well, as he had been often there before. "Good morning, Mr. O'Donahue," said the midshipman. "Is Mr. Small within?"

"No, he is not; can I do any thing for you?"

"Yes, if you can tell me how I am to persuade Mr. Small to advance me a little money upon my pay, you can do something for me."

"I never heard of such an application before," replied Joey, smiling.

"No, that I venture you did not, and it requires all the impudence of a midshipman to make such a one; but the fact is, Mr. O'Donahue, I am a mate with £40 a-year, and upon that I have continued to assist my

poor old mother up to the present. She now requires £10 in consequence of illness, and I have not a farthing. I will repay it if I live, that is certain; but I have little hopes of obtaining it, and nothing but my affection for the old lady would induce me to risk the mortification of a refusal. It's true enough that 'he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.'"

"I fear it is; but I will so far assist you as to let you know what your only chance is. State your case to Mr. Small as you have to me to-day, and then stand close to him while he answers; if he puts his knuckles into your ribs to enforce his arguments, don't shrink, and then wait the result without interrupting him."

"Well, I'd do more than that for the old lady," replied the poor midshipman, as Mr. Small made his appearance.

The midshipman told his story in very few

words, and Mr. Small heard him without interruption. When he had finished, Mr. Small commenced,—

“ You see, my man, you ask me to do what no navy-agent ever did before—to lend upon a promise to pay, and that promise to pay from a midshipman. In the first place, I have only the promise without the security ; that’s one point, do you observe (a punch with the knuckles) ? And then the promise to pay depends whether you are in the country or not. Again, if you have the money, you may not have the inclination to pay ; that’s another point (then came another sharp impression into the ribs of the middy). Then, again, it is not even personal security, as you may be drowned, shot, blown up, or taken out of the world before any pay is due to you ; and by your death you would be unable to pay, if so inclined ; there’s a third point (and there was a third dig, which the middy

stood boldly up against). Insure your life you cannot, for you have no money ; you, therefore, require me to lend my money upon no security whatever ; for even allowing that you would pay if you could, yet your death might prevent it ; there's another point (and the knuckles again penetrated into the midshipman's side, who felt the torture increasing as hope was departing.) But," continued Mr. Small, who was evidently much pleased with his own ratiocination, "there is another point not yet touched upon, which is, that as good Christians, we must sometimes lend money upon no security, or even give it away, for so are we commanded ; and, therefore, Mr. O'Donahue, you will tell Mr. Sleek to let him have the money ; there's the last and best point of all, eh?" wound up Mr. Small, with a thumping blow upon the ribs of the middy that almost took away his breath. We give this as a specimen of Mr. Small's

style of practical and theoretical logic combined.

“The admiral, Sir, is coming down the street,” said Sleek, entering, “and I think he is coming here.”

Mr. Small, who did not venture to chop logic with admirals, but was excessively polite to such great people, went out to receive the admiral, hat in hand.

“Now, Mr. Small,” said the admiral, “the counting-house for business, if you please. I have very unexpected orders to leave Portsmouth. I must save the next tide, if possible. The ships will be ready, for I know what our navy can do when required; but, as you know, I have not one atom of stock on board. The flood-tide has made almost an hour, and we must sail at the first of the ebb, as twelve hours’ delay may be most serious. Now, tell me—here is the list of what is required; boats will be ready and men in plenty

to get it on board;—can you get it ready by that time?”

“By that time, Sir William!” replied Small, looking over the tremendous catalogue.

“Its now eleven o’clock; can it all be down by four o’clock—that is the latest I can give you?”

“Impossible, Sir William.”

“It is of the greatest importance that we sail at five o’clock; the fact is, I must and will; but it’s hard that I must starve for a whole cruise.”

“Indeed, Sir William,” said Mr. Small, “if it were possible; but two cows, so many sheep, hay, and every thing to be got from the county; we never could manage it. Tomorrow morning, perhaps.”

“Well, Mr. Small, I have appointed no prize-agent yet; had you obliged me——”

Our hero now stepped forward and ran over the list.

“Can you inform me, Sir,” said he to the flag captain, “whether the *Zenobia* or *Orestes* sail with the squadron?”

“No, they do not,” was the reply.

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Small,” said Joey, “but I do think we can accomplish this with a little arrangement.”

“Indeed!” cried Sir William.

“Yes, Sir William; if you would immediately make the signals for two boats to come on shore, with steady crews to assist me, I promise it shall be done.”

“Well said, O’Donahue!” cried the captain; “we are all right now, admiral; if he says it shall be done, it will be done.”

“May I depend upon you, Mr. O’Donahue?”

“Yes, Sir William; every thing shall be as you wish.”

“ Well, Mr. Small, if your young man keeps his word, you shall be my prize-agent. Good morning to you.”

“ How could you promise ?” cried Small, addressing our hero, when the admiral and suit had left the counting-house.

“ Because I can perform, Sir,” replied Joey; “ I have the cows and sheep for the *Zenobia* and *Orestes*, as well as the fodder, all ready in the town; we can get others for them to-morrow, and I know where to lay my hands on every thing else.”

“ Well that’s lucky ! but there is no time to be lost.”

Our hero, with his usual promptitude and activity, kept his promise; and, as Mr. Small said, it was lucky, for the prize-agency, in a few months afterwards, proved worth to him nearly £5,000.

It is not to be supposed that Joey neglected his correspondence either with Mary or

Spikeman, although with the latter it was not so frequent. Mary wrote to him every month; she had not many subjects to enter upon, chiefly replying to Joey's communications, and congratulating him upon his success. Indeed, now that our hero had been nearly four years with Mr. Small, he might be said to be a very rising and independent person. His capital, which had increased very considerably, had been thrown into the business, and he was now a junior partner, instead of a clerk, and had long enjoyed the full confidence both of his superior and of Mr. Sleek, who now entrusted him with almost every thing. In short, Joey was in the fair way to competence and distinction.

## CHAPTER III.

A CHAPTER OF INFINITE VARIETY, CONTAINING AGONY, LAW, LOVE, QUARRELLING, AND SUICIDE.

It may be a subject of interest on the part of the reader to inquire what were the relative positions of Emma Phillips and our hero, now that four years had passed, during which time he had been continually in her company, and gradually, as he rose in importance, removing the distance that was between them. We have only to reply, that the consequences natural to such a case did ensue. Every year their intimacy increased—every year added to the hopes of our hero, who now no longer

looked upon an alliance with Emma as impossible ; yet he still never felt sufficient confidence in himself or his fortunes to intimate such a thought to her ; indeed, from a long habit of veneration and respect, he was in the position of a subject before a queen who feels a partiality towards him ; he dared not give vent to his thoughts, and it remained for her to have the unfeminine task of intimating to him that he might venture. But, although to outward appearance there was nothing but respect and feelings of gratitude on his part, and condescension and amiability on hers, there was a rapid adhesion going on within. Their interviews were more restrained, their words more selected ; for both parties felt how strong were the feelings which they would repress ; they were both pensive, silent, and distant—would talk unconnectedly, running from one subject to another, attempting to be lively and unconcerned when they were

most inclined to be otherwise, and not daring to scrutinize too minutely their own feelings when they found themselves alone ; but what they would fain conceal from themselves their very attempts to conceal made known to other people who were standing by. Both Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Small perceived how matters stood, and, had they had any objections, would have immediately no longer permitted them to be in contact: but they had no objections; for our hero had long won the hearts of both mother and uncle, and they awaited quietly the time which should arrive when the young parties should no longer conceal their feelings for each other.

It was when affairs were between our hero and Emma Phillips as we have just stated, that a circumstance took place which, for a time, embittered all our hero's happiness. He was walking down High-street, when he perceived a file of marines marching towards

him, with two men between them, handcuffed, evidently deserters who had been taken up. A feeling of alarm pervaded our hero; he had a presentiment which induced him to go into a perfumer's shop and to remain there, so as to have a view of the faces of the deserters as they passed along without their being able to see him. His forebodings were correct; one of them was his old enemy and persecutor, Furness, the schoolmaster.

Had a dagger been plunged into Joey's bosom the sensation could not have been more painful than what he felt when he once more found himself so near to his dreaded denouncer. For a short time he remained so transfixed that the woman who was attending in the shop asked whether she should bring him a glass of water. This inquiry made him recollect himself, and, complaining of a sudden pain in the side, he sat down, and took the water when it was brought; but he

went home in despair, quite forgetting the business which brought him out, and retired to his own room that he might collect his thoughts. What was he to do? This man had been brought back to the barracks; he would be tried and punished, and afterwards be set at liberty. How was it possible that he could always avoid him, or escape being recognised? and how little chance had he of escape from Furness's searching eye! Could he bribe him? Yes, he could *now*; he was rich enough; but, if he did, one bribe would only be followed up by a demand for another, and a threat of denouncement if he refused. Flight appeared his only chance; but, to leave his present position—to leave Emma—it was impossible. Our hero did not leave his room for the remainder of the day, but retired early to bed that he might cogitate, for sleep he could not. After a night of misery, the effects of which were too visibly marked in

his countenance on the ensuing morning, Joey determined to make some inquiries relative to what the fate of Furness might be ; and, having made up his mind, he accosted a sergeant of marines, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and whom he fell in with in the streets. He observed to him, that he perceived they had deserters brought in yesterday, and inquired from what ship they had deserted, or from the barracks. The sergeant replied that they had deserted from the Niobe frigate, and had committed theft previous to desertion ; that they would remain in confinement at the barracks till the Niobe arrived, and that then they would be tried by a court-martial, and, without doubt, for the double offence, would go through the fleet.

Joey wished the sergeant good morning, and passed on in his way home. His altered appearance had attracted the notice of not only his partners, but of Mrs. Phillips, and

had caused much distress to the latter. Our hero remained the whole day in the counting-house, apparently unconcerned, but in reality thinking and re-thinking, over and over again, his former thoughts. At last he made up his mind that he would wait the issue of the court-martial before he took any decided steps; indeed, what to do he knew not.

We leave the reader to guess the state of mind in which Joey remained for a fortnight previous to the return of the *Niobe* frigate from a Channel cruise. Two days after her arrival, the signal was made for a court-martial; the sentence was well known before night; it was, that the culprits were to go through the fleet on the ensuing day.

This was, however, no consolation to our hero; he did not feel animosity against Furness, so much as he did dread of him; he did not want his punishment, but his absence,

and security against future annoyance. It was about nine o'clock on the next morning, when the punishment was to take place, that Joey came down from his own room; he had been thinking all night, and had decided that he had no other resource but to quit Portsmouth, Emma, and his fair prospects for ever; he had resolved so to do, to make this sacrifice; it was a bitter conclusion to arrive at, but it had been come to. His haggard countenance, when he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, shocked Mrs. Phillips and Emma, but they made no remarks; the breakfast was passed over in silence, and soon afterwards our hero found himself alone with Emma, who immediately went to him, and with tears in her eyes, said, "What is the matter with you? you look so ill, you alarm us all, and you make me quite miserable."

"I am afraid, Miss Phillips——"

"Miss Phillips!" replied Emma.

“I beg your pardon ; but, Emma, I am afraid that I must leave you.”

“Leave us !”

“Yes, leave you and Portsmouth for ever, perhaps.”

“Why, what has occurred ?”

“I cannot, dare not tell ; will you so far oblige me to say nothing at present ; but you recollect that I was obliged to leave Gravesend on a sudden.”

“I recollect you did, but why I know not ; only Mary said that it was not your fault.”

“I trust it was not so ; but it was my misfortune. Emma, I am almost distracted ; I have not slept for weeks ; but pray, believe me, when I say, that I have done no wrong ; indeed ——”

“We are interrupted,” said Emma, hurriedly ; “there is somebody coming up stairs.”

She had hardly time to remove a few feet

from our hero, when Captain B——, of the *Niobe*, entered the room.

“Good morning, Miss Phillips, I hope you are well; I just looked in for a moment before I go to the Admiral’s office; we have had a catastrophe on board the *Niobe*, which I must report immediately.”

“Indeed,” replied Emma; “nothing very serious, I hope.”

“Why no, only rid of a blackguard not worth hanging; one of the marines, who was to have gone round the fleet this morning, when he went to the fore part of the ship under the sentry’s charge, leaped overboard, and drowned himself.”

“What was his name, Captain B——?” inquired Joey, seizing him by the arm.

“His name—why, how can that interest you, O’Donahue? Well, if you wish to know, it was Furness.”

“I am very sorry for him,” replied our hero.

“ I knew him once when he was in better circumstances, that is all ; ” and Joey, no longer daring to trust himself with others, quitted the room, and went to his own apartment. As soon as he was there he knelt down and returned thanks, not for the death of Furness, but for the removal of the load which had so oppressed his mind. In an hour his relief was so great that he felt himself sufficiently composed to go down stairs ; he went into the drawing-room to find Emma, but she was not there. He longed to have some explanation with her, but it was not until the next day that he had an opportunity.

“ I hardly know what to say to you,” said our hero, “ or how to explain my conduct of yesterday.”

“ It certainly appeared very strange, especially to Captain B——, who told me that he thought you were mad.”

“ I care little what he thinks, but I care

much what you think, Emma ; and I must now tell you what, perhaps, this man's death may permit me to do. That he has been most strangely connected with my life is most true ; he it was who knew me, and who would, if he could, have put me in a situation in which I must either have suffered myself to be thought guilty of a crime which I am incapable of, or—let it suffice to say—have done, to exculpate myself, what I trust I never would have done, or ever will do. I can say no more than that, without betraying a secret which I am bound to keep, and the keeping of which may still prove my own destruction. When you first saw me on the wayside, Emma, it was this man who forced me from a happy home to wander about the world ; it was the re-appearance of this man, and his recognition of me, that induced me to quit Gravesend so suddenly. I again met him, and avoided him, when he was desert-

ing; and I trusted that, as he had deserted, I could be certain of living safely in this town without meeting with him. It was his re-appearance here, as a deserter taken up, which put me in that state of agony which you have seen me in for these last three weeks; and it was the knowledge that, after his punishment, he would be again free, and likely to meet with me when walking about here, which resolved me to quit Portsmouth, as I said to you yesterday morning. Can you, therefore, be surprised at my emotion when I heard that he was removed, and that there was now no necessity for my quitting my kind patrons and you?"

"Certainly, after this explanation, I cannot be surprised at your emotion; but what does surprise me, Mr. O'Donahue, is that you should have a secret of such importance that it cannot be revealed, and which has made you tremble at the recognition of that man,

when at the same time you declare your innocence. Did innocence and mystery ever walk hand in hand ?”

“ Your addressing me as Mr. O’Donahue, Miss Phillips, has pointed out to me the impropriety I have been guilty of in making use of your Christian name. I thought that that confidence which you placed in me when as a mere boy I told you exactly what I now repeat, that the secret was not my own, would not have been now so cruelly withdrawn. I have never varied in my tale, and I can honestly say that I have never felt degraded when I have admitted that I have a mystery connected with me ; nay, if it should please Heaven that I have the option given me to suffer in my own person, or reveal the secret in question, I trust that I shall submit to my fate with constancy, and be supported in my misfortune by the conviction of my innocence. I feel that I was

not wrong in the communication that I made to you yesterday morning, that I must leave this place. I came here because you were living here—you to whom I felt so devoted for your kindness and sympathy when I was poor and friendless; now that I am otherwise, you are pleased to withdraw not only your good-will but your confidence in me; and as the spell is broken which has drawn me to this spot, I repeat, that as soon as I can, with justice to my patrons, I shall withdraw myself from your presence.”

Our hero's voice faltered before he had finished speaking; and then turning away slowly, without looking up, he quitted the room.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH OUR HERO TRIES CHANGE OF AIR.

THE reader will observe that there has been a little altercation at the end of the last chapter. Emma Phillips was guilty of letting drop a received truism, or rather a metaphor, which offended our hero. "Did innocence and mystery ever walk hand in hand?" If Emma had put that question to us, we, from our knowledge of the world, should have replied, "Yes, very often, my dear Miss Phillips." But Emma was wrong, not only in her metaphor, but in the time of her making it. Why did she do so? Ah! that is a puzzling question to answer; we can

only say, at our imminent risk, when this narrative shall be perused by the other sex, that we have made the discovery that women are not perfect ; that the very best of the sex are full of contradiction, and that Emma was a woman. That women very often are more endowed than the generality of men we are ready to admit ; and their cause has been taken up by Lady Morgan, Mr. Jamieson, and many others, who can write much better than we can. When we say their cause, we mean the right of equality they would claim with our sex, and not subjection to it. Reading my Lady Morgan the other day, which, next to conversing with her, is one of the greatest treats we know of, we began to speculate upon what were the causes which had subjected woman to man ; in other words, how was it that man had got the upper hand, and kept it ? That women's minds were not inferior to men's, we were forced to admit ; that

their aptitude for cultivation is often greater, was not to be denied. As to the assertion that man makes laws, or that his frame is of more robust material, it is no argument, as a revolt on the part of the other sex would soon do away with such advantage ; and men brought up as nursery-madis would soon succumb to women who were accustomed to athletic sports from their youth upwards. After a great deal of cogitation we came to the conclusion, that there is a great difference between the action in the minds of men and women ; the machinery of the latter being more complex than that of our own sex. A man's mind is his despot ; it works but by one single action ; it has one ruling principle—one propelling power to which all is subservient. This power or passion (disguised and dormant as it may be in feeble minds) is the only one which propels him on ; this *primum mobile*, as it may be termed, is ambition, or, in

other words, self-love; every thing is sacrificed to it.

Now, as in proportion as a machine is simple so is it strong in its action—so in proportion that a machine is complex, it becomes weak; and if we analyze a woman's mind, we shall find that her inferiority arises from the simple fact, that there are so many wheels within wheels working in it, so many compensating balances (if we may use the term, and we use it to her honour), that, although usually more right-minded than man, her strength of action is lost, and has become feeble by the time that her decision has been made. What will a man allow to stand in the way of his ambition—love? no—friendship? no—he will sacrifice the best qualities, and, which is more difficult, make the worst that are in his disposition subservient to it. He moves only one great principle, one propelling power—and the action being single,

it is strong in proportion. But will a woman's mind decide in this way? Will she sacrifice to ambition, love or friendship, or natural ties? No; in her mind the claims of each are, generally speaking, fairly balanced—and the quotient, after the calculation has been worked out, although correct, is small. Our argument, after all, only goes to prove that women, abstractedly taken, have more principle, more conscience, and better regulated minds than men—which is true if—if they could always go correct as timekeepers; but the more complex the machine, the more difficult it is to keep it in order, the more likely it is to be out of repair, and its movements to be disarranged by a trifling shock, which would have no effect upon one of such simple and powerful construction as that in our own sex. Not only do they often go wrong, but sometimes the serious shocks which they are liable to in this world

will put them in a state which is past all repair.

We have no doubt that by this time the reader will say, "Never mind women's minds, but mind your own business." We left Emma in the drawing-room, rather astonished at our hero's long speech, and still more by his (for the first time during their acquaintance) venturing to breathe a contrary opinion to her own sweet self.

Emma Phillips, although she pouted a little, and the colour had mounted to her temples, nevertheless looked very lovely as she pensively reclined on the sofa. Rebuked by him who had always been so attentive, so submissive—her creature as it were—she was mortified, as every pretty woman is, at any loss of power—any symptoms of rebellion on the part of a liege vassal; and then she taxed herself, had she done wrong? She had said "Innocence and mystery did not walk hand

in hand." Was not that true? She felt that it was true, and her own opinion was corroborated by others, for she had read it in some book, either in Burke, or Rochefocault, or some great author. Miss Phillips bit the tip of her nail and thought again. Yes, she saw how it was; our hero had risen in the world, was independent, and was well received in society; he was no longer the little Joey of Gravesend; he was now a person of some consequence, and he was a very ungrateful fellow; but the world was full of ingratitude; still she did think better of our hero; she certainly did. Well; at all events she could prove to him that—what,—she did not exactly know. Thus ended cogitation the second, after which came another series.

What had our hero said—what had he accused her of? that she no longer bestowed on him her confidence placed in him for many years. This was true; but were not the

relative positions, was not the case different? Should he now retain any secret from her?—there should be no secrets between them. There again there was a full stop before the sentence was complete. After a little more reflection, her own generous mind pointed out to her that she had been in the wrong; and that our hero had cause to be offended with her; and she made up her mind to make reparation the first time that they should be alone.

Having come to this resolution, she dismissed the previous question, and began to think about the secret itself, and what it possibly could be, and how she wished she knew what it was, all of which was very natural. In the meantime our hero had made up his mind to leave Portsmouth, for a time at all events. This quarrel with Emma, if such it might be considered, had made him very

miserable, and the anxiety he had lately suffered had seriously affected his health.

We believe that there never was anybody in this world who had grown to man's or woman's estate, and had mixed with the world, who could afterwards say that they were at any time perfectly happy ; or who, having said so, did not find that the reverse was the case a moment or two after the words were out of their mouth. "There is always something," as a good lady said to us ; and so there always is, and always will be. The removal of Furness was naturally a great relief to the mind of our hero ; he then felt as if all his difficulties were surmounted, and that he had no longer any fear of the consequences which might ensue from his father's crime. He would now, he thought, be able to walk boldly through the world without recognition, and he had built castles enough

to form a metropolis when his rupture with Emma broke the magic mirror through which he had scanned futurity. When most buoyant with hope, he found the truth of the good lady's saying—"There is always something."

After remaining in his room for an hour, Joey went down to the counting-house, where he found Mr. Small and Mr. Slick both at work, for their labours had increased since Joey had so much neglected business.

"Well, my good friend, how do you find yourself?" said Mr. Small.

"Very far from well, Sir. I feel that I cannot attend to business," replied Joey, "and I am quite ashamed of myself. I was thinking that, if you have no objection to allow me a couple of months' leave of absence, change of air would be very serviceable to me. I have something to do at Dudstone,

which I have put off ever since I came to Portsmouth."

"I think change of air will be very serviceable to you, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Small; "but what business you can have at Dudstone I cannot imagine."

"Simply this—I locked up my apartments, leaving my furniture, books, and linen, when I went away more than four years ago, and have never found time to look after them."

"Well, they must want dusting by this time, O'Donahue, so look after them if you please; but I think looking after your health is of more consequence, so you have my full consent to take a holiday, and remain away three months, if necessary, till you are perfectly re-established."

"And you have mine," added Mr. Sleek, "and I will do your work while you are away."

Our hero thanked his senior partners for their kind compliance with his wishes, and stated his intention of starting the next morning by the early coach, and then left the counting-house to make preparations for his journey.

Joey joined the party, which was numerous, at dinner. It was not until they were in the drawing-room after dinner that Mr. Small had an opportunity of communicating to Mrs. Phillips what were our hero's intentions. Mrs. Phillips considered it a very advisable measure, as Joey had evidently suffered very much lately ; probably over-exertion might have been the cause, and relaxation would effect the cure.

Emma, who was sitting by her mother, turned pale ; she had not imagined that our hero would have followed up his expressed intentions of the morning, and she asked Mr.

Small if he knew when O'Donahue would leave Portsmouth. The reply was, that he had taken his place on the early coach of the next morning; and Emma fell back on the sofa, and did not say any thing more.

When the company had all left, Mrs. Phillips rose, and lighted a chamber candlestick to go to bed, and Emma followed the motions of her mother. Mrs. Phillips shook hands with our hero, wishing him a great deal of pleasure, and that he would return quite restored in health. Emma, who found that all chance of an interview with our hero was gone, mustered up courage enough to extend her hand, and say,—“I hope your absence will be productive of health and happiness to you, Mr. O'Donahue,” and then followed her mother.

Joey, who was in no humour for conversation, then bade farewell to Mr. Small

and Mr. Sleek, and, before Emma had risen from not a very refreshing night's rest, he was two stages on his way from Portsmouth.

## CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH OUR HERO HAS HIS HEAD TURNED  
THE WRONG WAY.

ALTHOUGH it may be very proper, when an offence has been offered us, to show that we feel the injury, it often happens that we act too much upon impulse and carry measures to extremities; and this our hero felt as the coach wheeled him along, every second increasing his distance from Emma Phillips : twenty times he was inclined to take a post-chaise and return, but the inconsistency would have been so glaring, that shame prevented him; so he went on until he reached the metropolis, and on arriving there, having

nothing better to do, he went to bed. The next day he booked himself for the following day's coach to Manstone, and having so done, he thought he would reconnoitre the domicile of Major and Mrs. M'Shane, and, now that Furness was no longer to be dreaded, make his existence known to them. He went to Holborn accordingly, and found the shop in the same place, with the usual enticing odour sent forth from the grating which gave light and air to the kitchen ; but he perceived that there was no longer the name of M'Shane on the private door, and entering the coffee-room, and looking towards the spot where Mrs. M'Shane usually stood carving the joint, he discovered a person similarly employed whose face was unknown to him ; in fact, it could not be Mrs. M'Shane, as it was a man. Our hero went up to him, and inquired if the M'Shanes still carried on the business, and was told that they had sold it some time back.

His next inquiry, as to what had become of them, produced an "I don't know," with some symptoms of impatience at being interrupted. Under such circumstances, our hero had nothing more to do but either to sit down and eat beef or to quit the premises. He preferred the latter, and was once more at the hotel, where he dedicated the remainder of the day to thinking of his old friends, as fate had debarred him from seeing them.

The next morning Joey set off by the coach, and arrived at Manstone a little before dusk. He remained at the principal inn of the village, called the Austin Arms, in honour of the property in the immediate vicinity ; and, having looked at the various quarterings of arms that the sign-board contained, without the slightest idea that they appertained to himself, he ordered supper, and looking out of the window of the first floor, discovered, at no great distance down the one street which com

posed the village, the small ale-house where he had before met Mary. Our hero no longer felt the pride of poverty ; he had resented the treatment he had received at the Hall when friendless, but, now that he was otherwise, he had overcome the feeling, and had resolved to go up to the Hall on the following day, and ask for Mary. He was now well dressed, and with all the appearance and manners of a gentleman ; and, moreover, he had been so accustomed to respect from servants, that he had no idea of being treated otherwise. The next morning, therefore, he walked up to the Hall, and, knocking at the door, as soon as it was opened, he told the well-powdered domestics that he wished to speak a few words to Miss Atherton, if she still lived with Mrs. Austin. His appearance was considered by these gentlemen in waiting as sufficient to induce them to show him into a parlour, and to send for Mary, who in a few minutes came down to

him, and embraced him tenderly. "I should hardly have known you, my dear boy," said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes; "you have grown quite a man. I cannot imagine, as you now stand before me, that you could have been the little Joey that was living at Mrs. Chopper's."

"We are indebted to that good woman for our prosperity," replied Joey. "Do you know, Mary, that your money has multiplied so fast that I almost wish that you would take it away, lest by some accident it should be lost? I have brought you an account."

"Let me have an account of yourself, my dear brother," replied Mary; "I have no want of money; I am here well and happy."

"So you must have been, for you look as young and handsome as when I last saw you, Mary. How is your Mistress?"

"She is well, and would, I think, be happy, if it were not for the strange disease

of Mr. Austin, who secludes himself entirely, and will not even go outside of the park gates. He has become more overbearing and haughty than ever, and several of the servants have quitted within the last few months."

"I have no wish to meet him, dear Mary, after what passed when I was here before; I will not put up with insolence from any man, even in his own house," replied our hero.

"Do not speak so loud, his study is next to us, and that door leads to it," replied Mary; "he would not say any thing to you, but he would find fault with me."

"Then you had better come to see me at the Austin Arms, where I am stopping."

"I will come this evening," replied Mary.

At this moment the door which led to the study was opened, and a voice was heard—

"Mary, I wish you would take your sweet-hearts to a more convenient distance."

Joey heard the harsh, hollow voice, but

recognized it not; he would not turn round to look at Mr. Austin, but remained with his back to him, and the door closed again with a bang.

“Well,” observed Joey, “that is a pretty fair specimen of what he is, at all events. Why did you not say I was your brother?”

“Because it was better to say nothing,” replied Mary; “he will not come in again.”

“Well, I shall leave you now,” said Joey, “and wait till the evening; you will be certain to come?”

“O yes, I certainly shall,” replied Mary. “Hush! I hear my mistress with Mr. Austin. I wish you could see her, you would like her very much.”

The outer door of the study was closed to, and then the door of the room in which they were conversing was opened, but it was shut again immediately.

“Who was that?” said our hero, who had not turned round to ascertain.

“Mrs. Austin; she just looked in, and seeing I was engaged, she only nodded to me to say that she wanted me, I presume, and then went away again,” replied Mary. “You had better go now, and I will be sure to come in the evening.”

Our hero quitted the Hall; he had evidently been in the presence of his father and mother without knowing it, and all because he happened on both occasions to have his face turned in a wrong direction, and he left the house as unconscious as he went in. As soon as our hero had left the Hall, Mary repaired to her mistress.

“Do you want me, Madam?” said Mary, as she went to her mistress.

“No, Mary, not particularly, but Mr. Austin sent for me; he was annoyed at your having a strange person in the house, and desired me to send him away.”

“It was my brother, Madam,” replied Mary.

“Your brother ! I am very sorry, Mary, but you know how nervous Mr. Austin is, and there is no reasoning against nerves. I should have liked to have seen your brother very much ; if I recollect rightly, you told me he was doing very well at Portsmouth, is he not ?”

“Yes, Madam ; he is now a partner in one of the first houses there.”

“Why, Mary, he will soon have you to keep his own house, I presume, and I shall lose you ; indeed, you are more fit for such a situation than your present one, so I must not regret it if you do.”

“He has no idea of taking a house, Madam,” replied Mary, “nor have I any of quitting you ; your place is quite good enough for me. I promised to go down and meet him this evening, with your permission, at the Austin Arms.”

“Certainly,” replied Mrs. Austin, and then the conversation dropped.

Our hero remained at the inn two days, a portion of which Mary passed with him, and then he set off for Dudstone; he did not make Mary a confidant of his attachment to Emma Phillips, although he imparted to her the death of Furness, and the relief it had afforded him, promising to return to see her before he went back to Portsmouth.

Joey once more set off on his travels, and without incident arrived at the good old town of Dudstone, where he put up at the Commercial Hotel; his only object was to ascertain the condition of his lodgings; for the first two years he had sent the rent of the room to the old woman to whom the house belonged, but latterly no application had been made for it, although his address had been given; and, occupied by other business more important, our hero had quite forgotten the affair, or if

he did occasionally recall it to his memory, it was soon dismissed again. His key he had brought with him, and he now proceeded to the house and knocked at the door, surmising that the old woman was possibly dead, and his property probably disposed of; the first part of the surmise was disproved by the old woman coming to the door; she did not recognize our hero, and it was not until he produced the key of his room that she was convinced that he was the lawful owner of its contents. She told him she could not write herself, and that the party who had written to Portsmouth for her was dead, and that she felt sure he would come back at some time and settle with her; and, moreover, she was afraid that the furniture would be much injured by having been shut up so long, which was not only very likely, but proved to be the case when the door was opened; she also said that she could have made money for him, had

he allowed her to let the lodgings furnished, as she had had several applications. Our hero walked into his apartment, which certainly had a very mothly and mouldy appearance. As soon as a fire had been lighted, he collected all that he wanted to retain for himself, the books, plate, and some other articles, which he valued for Spikeman's sake, and as old reminiscences, and putting them up in a chest, requested that it might be sent to the inn; and then, upon reflection, he thought he could do no better with the remainder than to make them a present to the old woman, which he did, after paying up her arrears of rent, and by so doing made one person, for the time, superlatively happy, which is something worth doing in this chequered world of ours. Joey, as soon as he had returned to the inn, sat down to write to Spikeman, and also to Mr. Small, at Portsmouth, and having posted his letters, as he did not quit Dudstone until

the next morning, he resolved to pay a visit to his former acquaintances, Miss Amelia and Miss Ophelia. His knock at the door was answered by Miss Amelia as usual, but with only one arm unoccupied, a baby being in the other, and the squalling in the little parlour gave further evidence of matrimony. Our hero was obliged to introduce himself, as he was stared at as an utter stranger; he was then immediately welcomed, and requested to walk into the parlour. In a few minutes the whole of the family history was communicated. The old lady had been dead three years, and at her death the young ladies found themselves in possession of one thousand pounds each. This thousand pounds proved to them that husbands were to be had even at Dudstone and its vicinity. Miss Amelia had been married more than two years, to a master-builder, who had plenty of occupation, not so much in building new houses at Dudstone as in re-

pairing the old ones, and they were doing well, and had two children. Her sister had married a young farmer, and she could see her money every day in the shape of bullocks and sheep upon the farm; they also were doing well. Joey remained an hour; Mrs. Potts was very anxious that he should remain longer, and give her his opinion of her husband; but this Joey declined, and, desiring to be kindly remembered to her sister, took his leave, and the next morning was on his way to London.

## CHAPTER VI.

## VERY PLEASANT CORRESPONDENCE.

As soon as Joey arrived at the metropolis, he went to the correspondent of the house at Portsmouth to inquire for letters. He found one of the greatest interest from Mr. Small, who, after some preliminaries relative to the business, and certain commissions for him to transact in town, proceeded as follows:—

“Your health has been a source of great anxiety to us all, not only in the counting-house but in the drawing-room; the cause of your illness was ascribed to over-exertion in your duties, and it must be admitted, that until you were ill, there was no relaxation on

your part; but we have reason to suppose that there have been other causes which may have occasioned your rapid change from activity and cheerfulness to such a total prostration of body and mind. You may feel grieved when I tell you that Emma has been very unwell since you left, and the cause of her illness is beyond the skill of Mr. Taylor, our medical man. She has, however, confided so much to her mother as to let us know that you are the party who has been the chief occasion of it. She has acknowledged that she has not behaved well to you, and has not done you justice; and I really believe that it is this conviction which is the chief ground of her altered state of health. I certainly have been too much in the counting-house to know what has been going on in the parlour, but I think that you ought to know us better than to suppose that we should not in every point be most anxious for your happiness, and

your being constantly with us. That Emma blames herself, is certain ; that she is very amiable, is equally so ; your return would give us the greatest satisfaction. I hardly need say I love my niece, and am anxious for her happiness ; I love you, my dear friend, and am equally anxious for yours ; and I do trust, that any trifling disagreement between you (for surely you must be on intimate terms to quarrel, and for her to feel the quarrel so severely) will be speedily overcome. From what her mother says, I think that her affections are seriously engaged (I treat you with the confidence I am sure you deserve), and I am sure that there is no one upon whom I would so willingly bestow my niece ; or, as I find by questioning, no one to whom Mrs. Phillips would so willingly entrust her daughter. If, then, I am right in my supposition, you will be received with open arms by all, not even excepting Emma—she has

no coquetry in her composition. Like all the rest of us, she has her faults; but if she has her faults, she is not too proud to acknowledge them, and that you will allow when you read the enclosed, which she has requested me to send to you, and at the same time desired me to read it first. I trust this communication will accelerate your recovery, and that we shall soon see you again. At all events, answer my letter, and if I am in error, let me know, that I may undeceive others."

The enclosure from Emma was then opened by our hero; it was in few words:—

"My dear friend,—On reflection, I consider that I have treated you unjustly; I intended to tell you so, if I had had an opportunity before you quitted us so hastily. My fault has preyed upon my mind ever since, and I cannot lose this first opportunity of requesting your forgiveness, and hoping that when we meet we shall be on the same friendly

terms that we always had been previous to my unfortunate ebullition of temper.

“Yours truly,

“EMMA.”

That this letter was a source of unqualified delight to our hero, may be easily imagined. He was at once told by the uncle, and certainly Emma did not leave him to suppose to the contrary, that he might aspire and obtain her hand. Our hero could not reply to it by return of post. If distress had occasioned his illness, joy now prostrated him still more; and he was compelled to return to his bed; but he was happy, almost too happy, and he slept at last, and he dreamt such visions as only can be conjured up by those who have in anticipation every wish of their heart gratified. The next day he replied to Mr. Small's, acknowledging, with frankness, his feelings towards his niece, which a sense of his own humble origin and unworthiness had

prevented him from venturing to disclose, and requesting him to use his influence in his favour, as he dared not speak himself, until he had received such assurance of his unmerited good fortune as might encourage him so to do. To Emma his reply was in few words; he thanked her for her continued good opinion of him, the idea of having lost which had made him very miserable, assuring her that he was ashamed of the petulance which he had shown, and that it was for him to have asked pardon, and not one who had behaved so kindly, and protected him for so long a period; that he felt much better already, and hoped to be able to shorten the time of absence which had been demanded by him and kindly granted by his patrons. Having concluded and despatched these epistles, our hero determined that he would take a stroll about the metropolis.

## CHAPTER VII.

A VERY LONG CHAPTER, WITH A VERY LONG STORY, WHICH COULD NOT WELL BE CUT IN HALF.

A MAN may walk a long while in the city of London without having any definite object, and yet be amused, for there are few occupations more pleasant, more instructive, or more contemplative, than looking into the shop-windows; you pay a shilling to see an exhibition, whereas in this instance you have the advantage of seeing many without paying a farthing, provided that you look after your pocket-handkerchief. Thus was our hero amused: at one shop he discovered that very gay shawls were to be purchased for one

pound, Bandanas at 3s. 9d., and soiled Irish linen remarkably cheap; at another he saw a row of watches, from humble silver at £2 10s., to gold and enamelled at twelve or fourteen guineas, all warranted to go well; at another he discovered that furs were at half-price, because nobody wore them in the summer. He proceeded farther, and came to where there was a quantity of oil-paintings exposed for sale, pointing out to the passer-by, that pictures of that description were those which he ought *not* to buy. A print-shop gave him an idea of the merits of composition and design shown by the various masters; and as he could not transport himself to the Vatican, it was quite as well to see what the Vatican contained; his thoughts were on Rome and her former glories. A tobacconist's transported him to the State of Virginia, where many had been transported in former days. A grocer's

wafted him still farther to the West Indies and the negroes, and from these, as if by magic, to the Spice Islands and their aromatic groves. But an old curiosity-shop, with bronzes, china, marqueterie, point-lace, and armour, embraced at once a few centuries; and he thought of the feudal times, the fifteenth century, the belle of former days, the amber-headed cane and snuff-box of the beaux who sought her smiles—all gone, all dust; the workmanship of the times, even portions of their dresses, still existing—every thing less perishable than man.

Our hero proceeded on, his thoughts wandering as he wandered himself, when his attention was attracted by one of those placards, the breed of which appears to have been very much improved of late, as they get larger and larger every day; what they will end in there is no saying, unless it be in placards without end. This placard inti-

mated that there was a masquerade at Vauxhall on that evening, besides fire-works, water-works, and any thing but good works. Our hero had heard of Vauxhall, and his curiosity was excited, and he resolved that he would pass away the evening in, what was at that time, a rather fashionable resort.

It was half-past six, and time to go, so he directed his steps over Westminster-bridge, and, having only lost three minutes in peeping through the balustrades at the barges and wherries proceeding up and down the river, after asking his way three times, he found himself at the entrance, and, paying his admission, walked in. There was a goodly sprinkling of company, but not many masks; there was a man clad in brass armour, who stood quite motionless, for the armour was so heavy that he could hardly bear the weight of it. He must have suffered very great inconvenience on such a warm night,

but people stared at him as they passed by, and he was more than repaid by the attention which he attracted; so he stood and suffered on. There were about twenty-five clowns in their motley dresses, seven or eight pantaloons, three devils, and perhaps forty or fifty dominoes. Joey soon found himself close to the orchestra, which was a blaze of light, and he listened very attentively to a lady in ostrich feathers, who was pouring out a bravura, which was quite unintelligible to the audience, while the gentlemen behind her, in their cocked hats, accompanied her voice. He was leaning against one of the trees, and receiving, without knowing it, the drippings of a leaky lamp upon his coat, when two men came up and stopped on the other side of the trunk of the tree, and one said to the other—"I tell you, Joseph, she is here, and with the Christian. Manasseh traced her by the driver of the coach. She

will never return to her father's house if we do not discover her this night."

"What ! will she become a *Meshumed*—an apostate !" exclaimed the other ; " I would see her in her grave first ! Holy Father ! the daughter of a rabbi to bring such disgrace upon her family ! Truly our sins, and the sins of our forefathers, have brought this evil upon our house. If I meet him here I will stab him to the heart !"

"*Lemaan Hashem !* for the sake of thy holy name, my son, think of what you say ; you must not be so rash. Alas ! alas ! but we are mixed with the heathens. She must be concealed in one of the Moabitish garments," continued the elder of the two personages, whom our hero had of course ascertained to be of the house of Israel. "Manasseh tells me that he has discovered, from another quarter, that the Christian had procured a domino, black, with the sleeves slashed with white.

That will be a distinguishing mark ; and if we see that dress we must then follow, and if a female is with it, it must be thy sister Miriam."

"I will search now, and meet you here in half an hour," replied the younger of the two.

"Joseph, my son, we do not part ; I cannot trust you in your anger, and you have weapons with you, I know ; we must go together. Rooch Hakodesh ! may the Holy Spirit guide us, and the daughter of our house be restored, for she is now my heart's bitterness, and my soul's sorrow !"

"Let me but discover the *Gaw*—the infidel !" replied the son, following the father ; and our hero observed him put his hand into his breast and half unsheath a poniard.

Joey easily comprehended how the matter stood ; a Jewish maiden had met by assignation or had been run away with by some

young man, and the father and son were in pursuit to recover the daughter.

“That is all very well,” thought our hero; “but although they may very properly wish to prevent the marriage, I do not much like the cold steel which the young Israelite had in his hand. If I do meet with the party, at all events I will give him warning;” and Joey, having made this resolution, turned away from the orchestra and went down the covered way, which led to what are usually termed the dark walks; he had just arrived at the commencement of them, when he perceived coming towards him two dominoes, the shorter hanging on the arm of the taller so as to assure him that they were male and female. When they came to within ten yards of the lighted walk, they turned abruptly, and then Joey perceived that the taller had white slashed sleeves to his domino.

“There they are,” thought our hero; “well,

it's not safe for them to walk here, for a murder might be committed without much chance of the party being found out. I will give them a hint at all events ;" and Joey followed the couple so as to overtake them by degrees. As he walked softly, and they were in earnest conversation, his approach was not heeded until within a few feet of them, when the taller domino turned impatiently round, as if to inquire what the intruder meant.

"You are watched, and in danger, Sir, if you are the party I think you are," said Joey, going up to him, and speaking in a low voice.

"Who are you," replied the domino, "that gives this notice?"

"A perfect stranger to you, even if your mask was removed, Sir ; but I happened to overhear a conversation relative to a person in a domino such as you wear. I may be mistaken, and, if so, there is no harm done ;" and our hero turned away.

“Stop him, dear Henry,” said a soft female voice. “I fear that there is danger : he can have told you but from kindness.”

The person in the domino immediately followed Joey, and accosted him, apologizing for his apparent rudeness at receiving his communication, which he ascribed to the suddenness with which it was given, and requested, as a favour, that our hero would inform him why he had thought it necessary.

“I will tell you, certainly ; not that I interfere with other people’s concerns ; but when I saw that one of them had a poniard ——”

“A poniard !” exclaimed the female, who had now joined them.

“Yes,” replied Joey ; “and appeared determined to use it. In one word, Madam, is your name Miriam ? If so, what I heard concerns you ; if not, it does not, and I need say no more.”

“Sir, it does concern her,” replied the domino; “and I will thank you to proceed.”

Our hero then stated briefly what he had overheard, and that the parties were then in pursuit of them.

“We are lost!” exclaimed the young woman. We shall never escape from the gardens! What must we do? My brother in his wrath is as a lion’s whelp.”

“I care little for myself,” replied the domino. “I could defend myself; but, if we meet, I shall lose you. Your father would tear you away while I was engaged with your brother.”

“At all events, Sir, I should recommend your not remaining in these dark walks,” replied our hero, “now that you are aware of what may take place.”

“And yet, if we go into the lighted part of the gardens, they will soon discover us,

now that they have, as it appears, gained a knowledge of my dress."

"Then put it off," said Joey.

"But they know my person even better," rejoined the domino. "Your conduct, Sir, has been so kind, that perhaps you would be inclined to assist us?"

Our hero was in love himself, and, of course, felt sympathy for others in the same predicament; so he replied that, if he could be of service, they might command him.

"Then, Miriam, dear, what I propose is this: will you put yourself under the protection of this stranger? I think you risk nothing, for he has proved that he is kind. You may then, without fear of detection, pass through the gardens, and be conducted by him to a place of safety. I will remain here for half an hour; should your father and brother meet me, although they may recognize my dress, yet, not having you with

me, there will be no grounds for any attack being made, and I will, after a time, return home."

"And what is to become of me!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"You must send this gentleman to my address to-morrow morning, and he will acquaint me where you are. I am giving you a great deal of trouble, Sir; but at the same time I show my confidence; I trust it will not interfere with your other engagements."

"Your confidence is, I trust, not misplaced, Sir," replied our hero; "and I am just now an idle man. I promise you, if this young lady will venture to trust herself with a perfect stranger, that I will do your request. I have no mask on, Madam; do you think you can trust me?"

"I think I can, Sir; indeed, I must do so, or there will be shedding of blood; but

Henry, they are coming ; I know them ; see, right up the walk !”

Joey turned round, and perceived the two persons whose conversation he had overheard. “It is them, Sir,” said he to the gentleman in the domino ; “leave us and walk back farther into the dark part. I must take her away on my arm and pass them boldly. Come, Sir, quick !”

Our hero immediately took the young Jewess on his arm and walked towards the father and brother. He felt her trembling like an aspen as they came close to them, and was fearful that her legs would fail her. As they passed, the face of our hero was severely scrutinized by the dark eyes of the Israelites. Joey returned their stare, and proceeded on his way ; and after they had separated some paces from the father and brother, he whispered to the maiden, “You are safe now.” Joey conducted his charge through the gar-

dens, and when he arrived at the entrance, he called a coach and put the lady in.

“Where shall he drive to?” inquired our hero.

“I don’t know; say anywhere, so that we are away from this!”

Joey ordered the man to drive to the hotel where he had taken up his abode, for he knew not where else to go.

On his arrival he left the young lady in the coach, while he went in to prepare the landlady for her appearance. He stated that he had rescued her from a very perilous situation, and that he would feel much obliged to his hostess if she would take charge of the young person until she could be restored to her friends on the ensuing morning. People like to be consulted, and to appear of importance. The fat old lady, who had bridled up at the very mention of the introduction of a lady in a domino, as soon as she heard

that the party was to be placed under her protection, relaxed her compressed features, and graciously consented.

Our hero having consigned over his charge, whose face he had not yet seen, immediately retired to his own apartment. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he sent to inquire after the health of his *protégé*, and was answered by a request that he would pay her a visit. When he entered the room he found her alone. She was dressed somewhat in the Oriental style, and he was not a little surprised at her extreme beauty. Her stature was rather above the middle size; she was exquisitely formed; and her ankles, hands, and feet, were models of perfection. She was indeed one of the most exquisite specimens of the Jewish nation, and that is quite sufficient for her portrait. She rose as he entered, and coloured deeply as she saluted him. Our hero, who perceived her confusion, hastened

to assure her that he was ready to obey any order she might be pleased to give him, and trusted that she had not been too much annoyed with her very unpleasant position.

“I am more obliged to you, Sir, than I can well express,” replied she, “by your kind consideration in putting me into the charge of the landlady of the house; that one act assured me that I was in the hands of a gentleman and man of honour. All I have to request of you now is, that you will call at No. —, in Berkeley-square, and inform Mr. S—— of what you have kindly done for me. You will probably hear from him the cause of the strange position in which you found us and relieved us from.”

As our hero had nothing to reply, he wrote down the address and took his leave, immediately proceeding to the house of Mr. S——; but as he was walking up Berkeley-street, he was encountered by two

men, whom he immediately recognized as the father and brother of the young Israelite; the brother fixed his keen eye upon our hero, and appeared to recognize him; at all events, as our hero passed them, they turned round and followed him, and he heard the brother say, "He was with her," or something to that purport. Our hero did not, however, consider that it was advisable to wait until they were away before he knocked at the door, as he felt convinced that they were on the watch, and that any delay would not obtain the end. He knocked, and was immediately admitted. He found Mr. S—— pacing the room up and down in great anxiety, the breakfast remaining on the table untouched. He warmly greeted the arrival of our hero. Joey, as soon as he had informed him of what he had done, and in whose hands he had placed the young lady, stated the circumstance of the father and

brother being outside on the watch, and that he thought that they had recognized him.

“That is nothing more than what I expected,” replied Mr. S——; “but I trust easily to evade them; they are not aware that the back of this house communicates with the stables belonging to it in the mews, and we can go out by that way without their perceiving us. I’ve so many thanks to offer you, Sir, for your kind interference in our behalf, that I hardly know how to express them; to one thing you are most certainly entitled, and I should prove but little my sincerity if I did not immediately give it you; that is my confidence, and a knowledge of the parties whom you have assisted, and the circumstances attending this strange affair. The young lady, Sir, is, as you know, a Jewess by birth, and the daughter of the rabbi, a man of great wealth and high ancestry, for certainly Jews can claim the latter

higher than any other nation upon earth ; I am myself a man of fortune, as it is usually termed, at all events with sufficient to indulge any woman I should take as my wife with every luxury that can be reasonably demanded. I mention this to corroborate my assertion, that it was not her father's wealth which has been my inducement. I made the acquaintance of the father and daughter when I was travelling on the continent ; he was on his way to England, when his carriage broke down in a difficult pass on the mountains, and they would have been left on the road for the night if I had not fortunately come up in time, and, being alone, was able to convey them to the next town. I have always had a great respect for the Jewish nation. I consider that every true Christian should have ; but I will not enter upon that point now. It was probably my showing such a feeling, and my being

well versed in their history, which was the occasion of an intercourse of two days ripening into a regard for one another; and we parted with sincere wishes that we might meet again in this country. At the time I speak of, which was about three years ago, his daughter Miriam was, comparatively speaking, a child, and certainly not at that period, or indeed for some time after our meeting again in England, did it ever come into my ideas that I should ever feel any thing for her but good-will; but circumstances, and her father's confidence in me, threw us much together. She has no mother. After a time, I found myself growing attached to her, and I taxed myself, and reflected on the consequences. I was aware how very severe the Jewish laws were upon the subject of any of their family uniting themselves to a Christian. That it was not only considered that the party concerned was

dishonoured before the nation, but that the whole family became vile, and were denied the usual burial rites. Perhaps you are aware that if a Jew embraces Christianity, the same disgrace is heaped upon the relations. With this knowledge, I determined to conquer my feelings for Miriam, and of course I no longer went to her father's house; it would have been cruel to put my friend (for such he certainly was) in such a position; the more so, as, being a rabbi, he would have to denounce himself and his own children.

“ My absence was, however, the cause of great annoyance to the father. He sought me, and I was so pressed by him to return, that I had no choice, unless I confessed my reasons, which I did not like to do. I therefore visited the house as before, although not so frequently, and continually found myself in company with Miriam, and, her father

being constantly summoned away to the duties of his office, but too often alone. I therefore resolved that I would once more set off on my travels, as the only means by which I could act honourably, and get rid of the feeling which was obtaining such a mastery over me. I went to the house to state my intention, and at the same time bid them farewell; when, ascending the stairs, I slipped and sprained my ankle so severely, that I could not put my foot to the ground. This decided our fate, and I was not only domiciled for a week in the house, but, as I lay on the sofa, was continually attended by Miriam. Her father would not hear of my removal, but declared that my accident was a judgment against me for my rash intention.

“That Miriam showed her regard for me in every way that a modest maiden could do, is certain. I did, however, make one last struggle; I did not deny my feelings towards

her, but I pointed out to her the consequences which would ensue, which it was my duty as a friend, and her duty as a daughter, to prevent. She heard me in silence and in tears, and then quitted the room.

“The next day she appeared to have recovered her composure, and entered freely into general conversation, and, after a time, referred to the rites of their Church. By degrees she brought up the subject of Christianity; she demanded the reasons and authority for our belief; in short, she induced me to enter warmly into the subject, and to prove, to the best of my ability, that the true Messiah had already come. This conversation she took a pleasure in renewing, during my stay in the house; and as I considered that the subject was one that diverted our attention from the one I wished to avoid, I was not sorry to enter upon it, although I had not the least idea of converting her to our faith.

“Such was the state of affairs when I quitted the house, and again seriously thought of removing myself from so much temptation, when her brother Joseph arrived from Madrid, where he had been staying with an uncle for some years, and his return was the occasion of a jubilee, at which I could not refuse to appear. He is a fine young man, very intelligent and well-informed, but of a very irascible disposition ; and his long residence in Spain has probably given him those ideas of retaliation which are almost unknown in this country. He conceived a very strong friendship for me, and I certainly was equally pleased with him, for he is full of talent, although he is revengeful, proud of his lineage, and holding to the tenets of his faith with all the obstinacy of a Pharisee. Indeed it is strange that he could ever become so partial to a Christian, respecting as he does the rabbinical doctrines held forth to the Jewish

people, and which it must be admitted have been inculcated, in consequence of the unwearyed and unjustifiable persecution of the tribes for centuries, by those who call themselves Christians, but whose practice has been at open variance with the precepts of the founder of their faith. However, so it was. Joseph conceived a great regard for me, was continually at my house, and compelled me but too often to visit at his father's. At last I made up my mind that I would leave the country for a time, and was actively preparing, intending to go without saying a word to them, when I found myself one morning alone with Miriam. She walked up to me as I was sitting on the couch; I motioned to her to sit by me, but she stood before me with a stately air, fixing upon me her dark gazelle-like eyes.

“ ‘Do you,’ said she, in a slow and solemn tone of voice, ‘do you remember the conver-

sation which we had upon our respective creeds? Do you recollect how you pointed out to me your authorities and your reasons for your faith, and your sincere belief that the Messiah had already come?’

“ ‘I do, Miriam,’ replied I; ‘but not with any view to interfere with your non-belief; it was only to uphold by argument my own.’

“ ‘I do not say nay to that; I believe you,’ said Miriam; ‘nevertheless, I have that in my vest which, if it was known to my father or brother, would cause them to dash me to the earth, and to curse me in the name of the great Jehovah;’ and she pulled out of her vest a small copy of the New Testament. ‘This is the book of your creed; I have searched and compared it with our own; I have found the authorities; I have read the words of the Jews who have narrated the history and the deeds of Jesus of Nazareth, and—I am a *Christian*.’

“ It may appear strange, but I assure you, Sir, you cannot imagine the pain I felt when Miriam thus acknowledged herself a convert to our faith ; to say to her that I was sorry for it would have argued little for my Christian belief ; but when I reflected upon the pain and disgrace it would bring upon her family, and that I should be the cause, I was dreadfully shocked. I could only reply, ‘ Miriam, I wish that we had never met ! ’

“ ‘ I know what your feelings are but too well,’ replied she ; ‘ but we have met, and what is done cannot be undone. I, too, when I think of my relations, am torn with anxiety and distress ; but what is now my duty ? If I am, and I declare, not only by the great Jehovah, but by the crucified Messiah, that I am, a sincere believer in your creed, must I shrink—must I conceal it on account of my father and my brother ? Does not He say, ‘ Leave all and follow me ? ’ Must I not add

my feeble voice in acknowledgment of the truth, if I am to consider myself a Christian? Must not my avowal be public? Yes, it must be, and it shall be! Can you blame me?’

“‘Oh, no! I dare not blame you;’ replied I, ‘I only regret that religious differences should so mar the little happiness permitted to us in this world, and that neither Jew nor Christian will admit what our Saviour has distinctly declared—that there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek or Gentile. I see much misery in this, and I cannot help regretting deeply that I shall be considered as the cause of it, and be upbraided with ingratitude.’

“‘You did your duty,’ replied Miriam. ‘I have been converted by your having so done. Now I have my duty to do. I am aware of the pain it will occasion my father, my relations, and the whole of our tribe; but

if they suffer, shall I not suffer more? 'Thrust out from my father's door; loaded with curses and execrations; not one Jew permitted to offer me an asylum, not even to give me a morsel of bread, or a drop of water; a wanderer and an outcast! Such must be my fate.'

" 'Not so, Miriam; if your tribe desert you——'

" 'Stop one moment,' interrupted Miriam; 'do you recollect the conversation you had with me before we entered into the subject of our relative creeds? Do you remember what you then said; and was it true, or was it merely as an excuse?'

" 'It was as true, Miriam, as I stand here. I have loved you long and devotedly. I have tried to conquer the passion, on account of the misery your marriage with a Christian would have occasioned your relations; but if you persist in avowing your new faith, the

misery will be equally incurred ; and, therefore, I am doubly bound, not only by my love, but because I have, by converting you, put you in such a dreadful position, to offer you not only an asylum, but, if you will accept them, my heart and hand.'

"Miriam folded her arms across her breast, and knelt down, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. 'I can only answer in the words of Ruth,' replied she, in a low voice and trembling lips. I hardly need observe, that after this interview the affair was decided,—the great difficulty was to get her out of the house ; for you must have been inside of one of the houses of a Jew of rank to be aware of their arrangements. It was impossible that Miriam could be absent an hour without being missed ; and to go out by herself without being seen was equally difficult. Her cousin is married to a Jew, who keeps the masquerade paraphernalia and costumes in

Tavistock-street, and she sometimes accompanies her father and brother there, and, as usual, goes up to her cousin in the women's apartment, while her male relations remain below. We therefore hit upon this plan: That on the first masquerade-night at Vauxhall she should persuade her father and brother to go with her to her cousin's; that I should be close by in a coach, and, after she had gone in, I was to drive up as the other customers do, and obtain two dominoes, and then wait while she escaped from the women's apartment, and came down stairs to the street door, where I was to put her in the coach, and drive off to Vauxhall. You may inquire why we went to Vauxhall. Because, as but few minutes would elapse before she would be missed, it would have been almost impossible to have removed her without being discovered, for I was well known to the people. You recollect that Manasseh, who was in the

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shop, informed them that my domino was slashed with white in the sleeves; he knew me when I obtained the dominoes. Had I not been aware of the violence of the brother, I should have cared little had he followed me to my house, or any other place he might have traced me to; but his temper is such that his sister would certainly have been sacrificed to his rage and fury, as you may imagine from what you have seen and heard. I considered, therefore, that if we once became mixed with the crowd of masks and dominoes at Vauxhall, I should elude them, and all trace of us be lost. I believe, now, that I have made you acquainted with every circumstance, and trust that you will still afford me your valuable assistance."

"Most certainly," replied our hero; "I am in duty bound. I cannot help thinking that they have recognized me as the party conducting her out of the dark walk. Did you meet them afterwards?"

“No,” rejoined Mr. S——; “I allowed them to walk about without coming up to me, for some time, and then when they were down at the farthest end, I made all haste and took a coach home, before they could possibly come up with me, allowing that they did recognize me, which I do not think they did until they perceived me hastening away at a distance.”

“What, then, are your present intentions?” inquired our hero.

“I wish you to return with me to your hotel,” replied Mr. S——; “I will then take a chaise, and leave for Scotland as fast as four horses can carry us, and unite myself to Miriam; and, as soon as I can, I shall leave the country, which will be the best step to allow their rage and indignation to cool.”

“I think your plan is good,” replied Joey, “and I am at your service.”

In a few minutes Mr. S—— and our hero went out by the back way into the mews, and, as soon as they came to a stand, took a coach and drove to the hotel.

“ They had not, however, been in company with Miriam more than five minutes, when the waiter entered the room in great alarm, stating that two gentlemen were forcing their way up stairs, in spite of the landlord and others who were endeavouring to prevent them. The fact was, that our hero and Mr. S—— had been perceived by Joseph and his father, as they came out of the mews, and they had immediately followed them, taking a coach at the same stand, and desiring the coachman to follow the one our hero and Mr. S—— had gone into.

The waiter had hardly time to make the communication before the door was forced open, and the man was so terrified that he retreated behind our hero and Mr. S——,

into whose arms Miriam had thrown herself for protection. The father and brother did not, however, enter without resistance on the part of the landlord and waiters, who followed, remonstrating and checking them; but Joseph broke from them with his dagger drawn; it was wrenched from him by our hero, who dashed forward. The enraged Israelite then caught up a heavy bronze clock which was on the sideboard, and crying out, "This for the Gaw and the Meshumed!" (the infidel and the apostate), he hurled it at them with all his strength; it missed the parties it was intended for, but striking the waiter who had retreated behind them, fractured his skull, and he fell senseless upon the floor.

Upon this outrage the landlord and his assistants rushed upon Joseph and his father; the police were sent for, and after a desperate resistance the Israelites were taken away to

the police-office, leaving Mr. S—— and Miriam at liberty. Our hero was, however, requested by the police to attend at the examination, and, of course, could not refuse. The whole party had been a quarter of an hour waiting until another case was disposed of, before the magistrate could attend to them, when the surgeon came in and acquainted them that the unfortunate waiter had expired. The depositions were taken down, and both father and son were committed, and Joey and some others bound over to appear as witnesses. In about two hours our hero was enabled to return to the hotel, where he found that Mr. S—— had left a note for him, stating that he considered it advisable to start immediately, lest they should require his attendance at the police-court, and he should be delayed, which would give time to the relations of Miriam to take up the question; he had, therefore, set off,

and would write to him as soon as he possibly could.

This affair made some noise, and appeared in all the newspapers, and our hero therefore sat down and wrote a detailed account of the whole transaction (as communicated to him by Mr. S——), which he despatched to Portsmouth. He made inquiries, and found that the sessions would come on in a fortnight, and that the grand jury would sit in a few days. He therefore made up his mind that he would not think of returning to Portsmouth until the trial was over, and in his next letter he made known his intentions, and then set off for Richmond, where he had been advised to remain for a short time, as being more favourable to an invalid than the confined atmosphere of London.

Our hero found amusement in rowing about in a wherry, up and down the river, and replying to the letters received from

Mary, and from Portsmouth. He also received a letter from Mr. S——, informing him of his marriage, and requesting that as soon as the trial was over he would write to him. Our hero's health also was nearly re-established, when he was informed that his attendance was required at the court to give his evidence in the case of manslaughter found by the grand jury against Joseph, the brother of Miriam.

He arrived in town and attended the court on the following day, when the trial was to take place. A short time after the cause came on he was placed in the witness box. At the time that he gave his depositions before the magistrate he had not thought about his name having been changed; but now that he was sworn, and had declared he would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, when the council asked him if his name was not Joseph O'Donahue, our hero replied that it was Joseph Rushbrook.

“Your deposition says Joseph O’Donahue. How is this? Have you an alias, like many others, Sir?” inquired the counsel.

“My real name is Rushbrook, but I have been called O’Donahue for some time,” replied our hero.

This reply was the occasion of the opposite counsel making some very severe remarks; but the evidence of our hero was taken, and was indeed considered very favourable to the prisoner, as Joey stated that he was convinced the blow was never intended for the unfortunate waiter, but for Mr. S——.

After about an hour’s examination our hero was dismissed, and, in case that he might be recalled, returned as directed to the room where the witnesses were assembled.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE TIDE OF FORTUNE TURNS  
AGAINST OUR HERO.

As soon as Joey had been dismissed from the witness-box he returned to the room in which the other witnesses were assembled, with melancholy forebodings that his real name having been given in open court would lead to some disaster. He had not been there long before a peace-officer came in, and said to him—"Step this way, if you please, Sir; I have something to say to you."

Joey went with him outside the door, when the peace-officer, looking at him full in the

face, said, "Your name is Joseph Rushbrook ; you said so in the witness-box ?"

"Yes," replied Joey, "that is my true name."

"Why did you change it?" demanded the officer.

"I had reasons," replied our hero.

"Yes, and I'll tell you the reasons," rejoined the other, "you were concerned in a murder some years ago ; a reward was offered for your apprehension, and you absconded from justice. I see that you are the person ; your face tells me so. You are my prisoner. Now, come away quietly, Sir ; it is of no use for you to resist, and you will only be worse treated."

Joey's heart had almost ceased to beat when the constable addressed him ; he felt that denial was useless, and that the time was now come when either he or his father must suffer : he, therefore, made no reply, but quietly fol-

lowed the peace-officer, who, holding him by the arm, called a coach, into which he ordered Joey to enter, and, following him, directed the coachman to drive to the police-office.

As soon as the magistrate had been acquainted by the officer who the party was whom he had taken into custody, he first pointed out to our hero that he had better not say any thing which might criminate himself, and then asked him if his name was Joseph Rushbrook.

Joey replied that it was.

“Have you any thing to say that might prevent my committing you on the charge of murder?” demanded the magistrate.

“Nothing, except that I am not guilty,” replied Joey.

“I have had the warrant out against him these seven years, or thereabouts, but he escaped me,” observed the peace-officer; “he was but a lad then.”

“He must have been a child, to judge by his present appearance,” observed the magistrate, who was making out the committal. “I now perfectly recollect the affair.”

The officer received the committal, and in half an hour our hero was locked up with felons of every description. His blood ran cold when he found himself enclosed within the massive walls; and, as soon as the gaoler had left him alone, he shuddered and covered his face with his hands. Our hero had, however, the greatest of all consolations to support him—the consciousness of his innocence; but when he called to mind how happy and prosperous he had lately been, when he thought of Emma,—and that now all his fair prospects and fondest anticipations were thrown to the ground, it is not surprising that for a short time he wept in his solitude and silence. To whom should he make known his situation? Alas! it would too soon be known; and

would not every one, even Emma, shrink from a supposed murderer? No! there was one who would not—one on whose truth he could depend; Mary would not desert him, even now; he would write to her, and acquaint her with his situation. Our hero having made up his mind so to do, obtained paper and ink from the gaoler when he came into his cell, which he did in about two hours after he had been locked up. Joey wrote to Mary, stating his position in few words, and that the next morning he was to be taken down to Exeter to await his trial, and expressed a wish, if possible, that she would come there to see him; and, giving a guinea to the turnkey, requested him to forward the letter.

“It shall go safe enough, young master,” replied the man. “Now, do you know, yours is one of the strangest cases which ever came to my knowledge?” continued the man; “we’ve been talking about it among ourselves;

why, the first warrant for your apprehension was out more than eight years ago ; and, to look at you now, you cannot be more than seventeen or eighteen."

"Yes, I am," replied Joey; "I am twenty-two."

"Then don't you tell anybody else that, and I will forget it. You see youth goes a great way in court ; and they will see that you must have been quite a child when the deed was done—for I suppose by the evidence there is no doubt of that—and it won't be a hanging matter, that you may be certain of ; you'll cross the water, that's all ; so keep up your spirits, and look as young as you can."

Mary received the letter on the following day, and was in the deepest distress at its contents. She was still weeping over it, her work had been thrown down at her feet, when Mrs. Austin came into the dressing-room where she was sitting.

“What is the matter, Mary?” said Mrs. Austin.

“I have received a letter from my brother, Madam,” replied Mary; “he is in the greatest distress; and I must beg you to let me go to him immediately.”

“Your brother, Mary! what difficulty is he in?” asked Mrs. Austin.

Mary did not reply, but wept more.

“Mary, if your brother is in distress, I certainly will not refuse your going to him; but you should tell me what his distress is, or how shall I be able to advise or help you? Is it very serious?”

“He is in prison, Madam.”

“In prison for debt, I suppose?”

“No, Madam; on a charge of murder, which he is not guilty of.”

“Murder!” exclaimed Mrs. Austin, “and not guilty! Why—when—and where did this murder take place?”

“Many years ago, Madam, when he was quite a child.”

“How very strange!” thought Mrs. Austin, panting for breath, and dropping into a chair. “But where, Mary?”

“Down in Devonshire, Madam, at Grassford.”

Mrs. Austin fell senseless from her chair. Mary, very much surprised, hastened to her assistance, and, after a time, succeeded in restoring her, and leading her to the sofa. For some time Mrs. Austin remained with her face buried in the cushions, while Mary stood over her. At last Mrs. Austin looked up, and laying her hand upon Mary’s arm, said, in a solemn tone—

“Mary, do not deceive me; you say that that boy is *your* brother—tell me, is not that false? I am sure that it is. Answer me, Mary?”

“He is not my born brother, Madam, but I love him as one,” replied Mary.

“Again answer me truly, Mary, if you have any regard for me. You know his real name; what is it?”

“Joseph Rushbrook, Madam,” replied Mary, weeping.

“I was certain of it!” replied Mrs. Austin, bursting into tears; “I knew it! the blow has come at last! God have mercy on me! What can be done?” And again Mrs. Austin abandoned herself to bitter grief.

Mary was in amazement; how Mrs. Austin should know any thing of Joey’s history, and why she should be in such distress, was to her a complete mystery; she remained for some time at the side of her mistress, who gradually became more composed. Mary at last said—

“May I go to him, Madam?”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Austin, “most certainly. Mary, I must have no secrets now; you must tell me every thing. You see that

I am deeply interested about this young man as well as yourself; it is quite sufficient for you at present to know that; before I say any thing more, you must be candid with me, and tell me how you became acquainted with him, and all that you know relative to his life; that I will assist you and him in every way in my power; that neither money nor interest shall be spared, you may be assured; and I think, Mary, that, after this promise, you will not conceal any thing from me."

"Indeed I will not, Madam," replied Mary, "for I love him as much as I can love." Mary then commenced by stating that she was living at Gravesend when she first met with Joey. There was a little hesitation at the commencement of her narrative, which Mrs. Austin pretended not to observe; she then continued, winding up with the information which she had obtained from Furness

the marine, their escape, and her admission into Mrs. Austin's family.

“And it was Joseph Rushbrook that came with you to this house?”

“Yes, Madam,” replied Mary; “but one of the men was quite rude to me, and Joey took it up. Mr. Austin, hearing a noise, sent down to inquire the cause; the servants threw all the blame upon Joey, and he was ordered out of the house immediately. He refused even to come back to the Hall, after the treatment he had received, for a long while; but it was he who was in the parlour when you opened the door, if you recollect, a few weeks ago.”

Mrs. Austin clasped her hands and then pressed them to her forehead; after a while she said—

“And what has he been doing since he came here?”

Mary then informed her mistress of all she knew of Joey's subsequent career.

“Well, Mary,” said Mrs. Austin, “you must go to him directly. You will want money; but, Mary, promise me that you will not say a word to him about what has passed between us—that is, for the present; by-and-by I may trust you more.”

“You may trust me, Madam,” replied Mary, looking her mistress in the face; “but it is too late for me to go this afternoon; I will, if you please, now wait till to-morrow morning.”

“Do so, Mary; I am glad that you do not go to-night, for I wish you to stay with me; I have many questions to ask of you. At present I wish to be alone, my good girl. Tell Mr. Austin that I am very unwell, and do not dine below.”

“Shall I bring your dinner up here, Madam?” asked Mary.

“Yes, you may *bring* it, Mary,” replied Mrs. Austin, with a faint smile.

Never did two people leave one another both so much wishing to be alone as Mary and Mrs. Austin. The former quitted the room, and, having first executed her commission, returned to her own apartment, that she might reflect without being disturbed. What could be the reason of Mrs. Austin's behaviour? What could she know of Joey Rushbrook? and why so interested and moved? She had heard among the servants that Mr. and Mrs. Austin were formerly in a humbler sphere of life; that he was a half-pay officer; but there was still no clue to such interest about Joey Rushbrook. Mary thought and thought over and over again, revolved all that had passed in her mind, but could make nothing of it; and she was still trying to solve the mystery, when the housemaid came into the room and informed her that Mrs. Austin's bell had rung twice. Mrs. Austin, on her part, was still more bewildered; she could not

regain sufficient calmness to enable her to decide how to act. Her son in prison, to be tried for his life for a crime he had not committed! Would he divulge the truth and sacrifice the father? She thought not. If he did not, would he not be condemned? and if he were, could she remain away from him? or ought she not to divulge what the boy would conceal? And if he did confess the truth, would they find out that Mr. Austin and Joseph Rushbrook were one and the same person? Would there be any chance of his escape? Would he not sooner or later be recognized? How dreadful was her situation! Then, again, should she acquaint her husband with the position of his son? If so, would he come forward? Yes, most certainly, he would never let Joey suffer for his crime. Ought she to tell her husband? And then, Mary, who knew so much already, who had witnessed her distress and anguish, who was

so fond of her son, could she trust her? Could she do without trusting her? Such were the various and conflicting ideas which passed in the mind of Mrs. Austin. At last she resolved that she would say nothing to her husband; that she would send Mary to her son; and that she would that evening have more conversation with the girl, and decide, after she had talked with her, whether she would make her a confidant or not. Having made up her mind so far, she rang the bell for Mary.

“Are you better, Madam?” asked Mary, who had entered the room very quietly.

“Yes, I thank you, Mary; take your work and sit down; I wish to have some more conversation with you about this young person, Joseph Rushbrook; you must have seen that I am much interested about him.”

“Yes, Madam.”

“There were some portions of your story,

Mary, which I do not quite understand. You have now lived with me for five years, and I have had every reason to be satisfied with your behaviour. You have conducted yourself as a well-behaved, modest, and attentive young woman."

"I am much obliged to you, Madam, for your good opinion," replied Mary.

"And I hope you will admit that I have not been a hard mistress to you, Mary; but, on the contrary, have shown you that I have been pleased with your conduct."

"Certainly, Madam, you have; and I trust I am grateful."

"I believe so," replied Mrs. Austin. "Now, Mary, I wish you to confide in me altogether. What I wish to know is—how did you in so short a time become acquainted with this Furness, so as to obtain this secret from him? I may say, whom did you live with, and how did you live when at Graves-

end? for you have not mentioned that to me. It seems so odd to me that this man should have told to a person whom he had seen but for a few hours a secret of such moment."

Mary's tears fell fast, but she made no reply.

"Cannot you answer me, Mary?"

"I can, Madam," said she at last; "but, if I tell the truth—and I cannot tell a lie now—you will despise me, and perhaps order me to leave the house immediately; and, if you do, what will become of me?"

"Mary, if you think I intend to take advantage of a confession extorted from you, you do me wrong; I ask the question because it is necessary that I should know the truth—because I cannot confide in you without you first confide in me; tell me, Mary, and do not be afraid."

"Madam, I will; but pray do not forget that I have been under your roof for five

years, and that I have been during that time an honest and modest girl. I was not so once, I confess it ;” and Mary’s cheeks were red with shame, and she hung down her head.

“We are all sinful creatures, Mary,” replied Mrs. Austin ; “and who is there that has not fallen into error ? The Scriptures say, ‘ Let him who is without sin cast the first stone ;’ nay, more, Mary, there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine who need no repentance ; shall I then be harsh to you, my poor girl ? No, no. By trusting me you have made me your friend ; you must be mine, Mary, for I want a friend now.”

Poor Mary fell on her knees before Mrs. Austin, and wept over her hand as she kissed it repeatedly.

Mrs. Austin was much affected, and as the contrite girl recovered herself, Mrs. Austin leaned on her elbow, and putting her arm

round Mary's neck, drew her head towards her, and gently kissed her on the brow.

“ You are indeed a kind friend, Madam,” said Mary, after a pause, “ and may the Almighty reward you ! You are unhappy ; I know not why ; but I would die to serve you. I only wish that you would let me prove it.”

“ First, Mary, tell me as much of your own history as you choose to tell ; I wish to know it.”

Mary then entered into the details of her marriage, her husband's conduct, her subsequent career, and her determination to lead a new life, which she had so sincerely proved by her late conduct.

Mary having concluded her narrative, Mrs. Austin addressed her thus :—

“ Mary, if you imagine that you have fallen in my good opinion, after what you have confessed to me, you are much mistaken ;

you have, on the contrary, been raised. There have been few, very few, that have had the courage and fortitude that you have shown, or who could have succeeded as you have done. I was afraid to trust you before, but now I am not. I will not ask you not to betray me, for I am sure you will not. On two points only my lips are sealed; and the reason why they are sealed is, that the secret is not mine alone, and I have not permission to divulge it. That I am deeply interested in that boy is certain; nay, that he is a near and very dear connection is also the case; but what his exact relationship is towards me I must not at present say. You have asserted your belief of his innocence, and I tell you that you are right; he did not do the deed; I know who did, but I dare not reveal the name."

"That is exactly what Joey said to me, Madam," observed Mary; "and, moreover,

that he never would reveal it, even if he were on his trial."

"I do not think that he ever will, Mary," rejoined Mrs. Austin, bursting into tears; "poor boy; it is horrible that he should suffer for an offence that he has not committed."

"Surely, Madam, if he is found guilty, they will not hang him, he was such a child."

"I scarcely know."

"It's very odd that his father and mother have disappeared in the manner they did; I think it is very suspicious," observed Mary.

"You must, of course, have your own ideas from what you have already heard," replied Mrs. Austin, in a calm tone; "but, as I have already said, my lips on that subject are sealed. What I wish you to do, Mary, is, not at first to let him know that I am interested about him, or even that I know any thing about him. Make all the inquiries

you can as to what is likely to be the issue of the affair ; and, when you have seen him, you must then come back and tell me all that he says, and all that has taken place."

" I will, Madam."

" You had better go away early to-morrow ; one of the grooms shall drive you over to meet the coach which runs to Exeter. While I think of it, take my purse, and o not spare it, Mary, for money must not be thought of now ; I am very unwell and must go to bed."

" I had better bring up the tray, Madam ; a mouthful and a glass of wine will be of service to you."

" Do so, dear Mary ; I feel very faint."

As soon as Mrs. Austin had taken some refreshment, she entered again into conversation with Mary, asking her a hundred questions about her son. Mary, who had now nothing to conceal, answered freely ; and

when Mary wished her good night, Mrs. Austin was more than ever convinced that her boy's rectitude of principle would have made him an ornament to society. Then came the bitter feeling that he was about to sacrifice himself; that he would be condemned as a felon, disgraced, and perhaps executed; and, as she turned on her restless pillow, she exclaimed, "Thank God that he is innocent!—his poor father suffers more."

## CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MARY MAKES A DISCOVERY OF  
WHAT HAS BEEN LONG KNOWN TO THE  
READER.

It was hardly ten o'clock on the second morning when Mary arrived at Exeter, and proceeded to the gaol. Her eyes were directed to the outside of the massive building, and her cheeks blanched when she viewed the chains and fetters over the entrance, so truly designating the purport of the structure. There were several people at the steps and in the passage, making inquiries, and demanding permission of the turnkey to visit the prisoners; and Mary had to wait some minutes

before she could make her request. Her appearance was so different to the usual class of applicants, that the turnkey looked at her with some surprise.

“Whom do you wish to see?” inquired the man, for Mary’s voice had faltered.

“Joseph Rushbrook, my brother,” repeated Mary.

At this moment the head gaoler came to the wicket.

“She wishes to see her brother, young Rushbrook,” said the turnkey.

“Yes, certainly,” replied the gaoler ; “walk in, and sit down in the parlour for a little while till I can send a man with you.”

There was gentleness and kindness of manner shown by both the men towards Mary, for they were moved with her beauty and evident distress. Mary took a seat in the gaoler’s room ; the gaoler’s wife was there, and she was more than kind. The turnkey came to

show her to the cell ; and when Mary rose the gaoler's wife said to her, " After you have seen your brother, my dear child, you had better come back again, and sit down here a little while, and then, perhaps, I can be of some use to you, in letting you know what can be done, and what is not allowed."

Mary could not speak, but she looked at the gaoler's wife, her eyes brimming over with tears ; the kind woman understood her. " Go now," said she, " and mind you come back to me."

The turnkey, without speaking, led her to the cell, fitted the key to the ponderous lock, pushed back the door, and remained outside. Mary entered, and in a second was in the arms of our hero, kissing him, and bedewing his cheeks with her tears.

" I was sure that you would come, Mary," said Joey ; " now, sit down, and I will tell you how this has happened, while you com-

pose yourself; you will be better able to talk to me after a while."

They sat down on the stretchers upon which the bed had been laid during the night, their hands still clasped, and as Joey entered into a narrative of all that had passed, Mary's sobs gradually diminished, and she was restored to something like composure.

"And what do you intend to do when you are brought to trial, my dear boy?" said Mary at last.

"I shall say nothing, except 'Not Guilty,' which is the truth, Mary; I shall make no defence whatever."

"But why will you not confess the truth?" replied Mary. "I have often thought of this, and have long made up my mind, Joey, that no one could act as you do, if a parent's life were not concerned; you, or anybody else, would be mad to sacrifice himself in this way, unless it were to save a father."

Joey's eyes were cast down on the stone pavement ; he made no reply.

“ Why, then, if I am right in my supposition,” continued Mary—“ I do not ask you to say yes or no on that point—why should you not tell the truth? Furness told me that your father and mother had left the village, and that he had attempted to trace them, but could not ; and he expressed himself sure that they were gone to America. Why, then, supposing I am right, should you sacrifice yourself for nothing? ”

“ Supposing you are right, Mary,” replied Joey, with his eyes still cast down, “ what proof is there that my parents have left the country? It was only the supposition of Furness, and it is my conviction that they have not. Where they may be, I know not ; but I feel positive that my mother would not leave the country without having first found out where I was, and have taken me with her.

No, Mary, my father and mother, if alive, are still in this country."

"Recollect again, my dear boy, that your father may be dead."

"And if so, my mother would have by this time found me out; she would have advertised for me—done every thing—I feel that she would have—she would have returned to Grassford, and ——"

"And what, Joey?"

"I must not say what, Mary," replied our hero; "I have thought a great deal since I have been shut up here, and I have taken my resolution, which is not to be changed; so let us say no more upon the subject, dear Mary. Tell me all about yourself."

Mary remained another hour with Joey, and then bade him farewell; she was anxious to return to Mrs. Austin, and acquaint her with the result of her interview; with a heavy heart she walked away from the

cell, and went down into the parlour of the gaoler.

“Would you like to take any thing?” said the gaoler’s wife, after Mary had sat down.

“A little water,” replied Mary.

“And how is your brother?”

“He is innocent,” replied Mary: “he is indeed; but he won’t tell any thing, and they will condemn him.”

“Well, well; but do not be afraid; he must have been very young at the time, innocent or guilty, and he won’t suffer, that I know; but he will be sent out of the country.”

“Then I will go with him,” replied Mary.

“Perhaps he will be pardoned, dear; keep your spirits up, and, if you have money, get a good lawyer.”

“Can you tell me who would be a good lawyer to apply to?”

“Yes; Mr. Trevor; he is a very clever man, and comes the Western Circuit; if any one can save him, he can.”

“I will take his name down, if you please,” said Mary.

The gaoler’s wife gave Mary a piece of paper and pen and ink; Mary wrote down the name and address of Mr. Trevor, and then, with many thanks, took her leave.

On her return to the Hall, Mary communicated to Mrs. Austin what had passed. Mrs. Austin perceived that Joey would not swerve from his resolution, and that all that could be done was to procure the best legal assistance.

“Mary, my poor girl,” said Mrs. Austin, “here is money which you will find necessary for your adopted brother’s assistance. You say that you have obtained the name of the best legal person to be employed in his behalf. To-morrow you must go to London,

and call upon that gentleman. It may be as well not to mention my name. As his sister, you of course seek the best legal advice. You must manage all this as if from yourself."

"I will, Madam."

"And, Mary, if you think it advisable, you can remain in town for two or three days; but pray write to me every day."

"I will, Madam."

"Let me know your address, as I may wish to say something to you when I know what has been done."

"I will, Madam."

"And now you had better go to bed, Mary, for you must be tired; indeed, you look very fatigued, my poor girl; I need not caution you not to say any thing to any of the servants; good night."

Mary threw herself on the bed, she was indeed worn out with anxiety and grief; at last she slept. The next morning she was on her

way to town, having, in reply to the curiosity of the servants, stated that the cause of her journey was the dangerous illness of her brother.

As soon as she arrived in London, Mary drove to the chambers of the lawyer, whose direction she had obtained from the Exeter gaoler; he was at home, and after waiting a short time, she was ushered by the clerk into his presence.

“What can I do for you, young lady?” inquired Mr. Trevor, with some surprise; “it is not often that the den of a lawyer has such a bright vision to cheer it. Do me the favour to take a chair.”

“I am not a young lady, Sir,” replied Mary; “I have come to you to request that you will be so kind as to defend my brother, who is about to be tried.”

“Your brother! what is he charged with?”

“Murder,” replied Mary; “but indeed, Sir, he is not guilty,” she continued, as she burst into tears.

Mr. Trevor was not only a clever but also a kind and considerate man. He remained silent for some minutes to allow Mary time to recover herself. When she was more composed, he said—

“What is your brother’s name?”

“Joseph Rushbrook.”

“Rushbrook! Rushbrook! I well remember that name,” remarked Mr. Trevor; “strange, the Christian name also the same! it is singular, certainly. The last time I was concerned for a person of that name, I was the means of his coming into a large landed property; now I am requested to defend one of the same name, accused of murder.”

Mary was astonished at this observation of Mr. Trevor’s, but made no reply.

“Have you the indictment? Where did the murder take place?”

“In Devonshire, Sir, many years ago.”

“And he is now in Exeter gaol? Come, tell me all the particulars.”

Mary told all that she knew, in a very clear and concise manner.

“Now, my good girl,” said Mr. Trevor, “I must see your brother. In two days I shall be down at Exeter. If you write to him, or see him, before I do, you must tell him he must trust in his lawyer, and have no reservation, or I shall not be able to do him so much service. Allow me to ask you, have you any relations in Yorkshire?”

“No, Sir, none.”

“And yet the name and Christian name are exactly the same. It’s an odd coincidence! They, however, changed their name, when they came into the property.”

“Changed the name of Rushbrook, Sir!” said Mary, who now thought that she had a clue to Joey’s parents.

“ Yes, changed it to Austin ; they live now in Dorsetshire. I mention it because, if interest is required for your brother, and he could prove any relationship, it might be valuable. But, bless me ! what is the matter ? Smithers,” cried Mr. Trevor, as he ran and supported Mary, “ some water ! quick ! the girl has fainted ! ”

It was surprise at this astounding intelligence, her regard for Mrs. Austin, and the light now thrown upon the interest she had shown for our hero, and the conviction of what must be her suffering, which had overcome the poor girl. In a short time she recovered.

“ I thank you, Sir, but I have suffered so much anxiety about my poor brother,” said Mary, faltering, and almost gasping for breath.

“ He cannot be a very bad boy, since you are so fond of him,” said Mr. Trevor

“No, indeed; I wish I was half as good,” murmured Mary.

“I will do all I possibly can, and that immediately; indeed as soon as I have the documents, and have perused them, I will go to your brother a day sooner than I intended. Do you feel yourself well enough to go now? If you do, my clerk shall procure you a coach. Do you stay in London? If so, you must leave your address.”

Mary replied that she intended to set off to Exeter that evening by the mail, and would meet him there.

Mr. Trevor handed her out, put her into the coach, and she ordered the man to drive to the inn where she was stopping. Mary's senses were quite bewildered. It was late, and the mail was to start in an hour or two. She secured her place, and during her long journey she hardly knew how time passed away. On her arrival, in the morning, she

hastened to the prison. She was received kindly as before by the gaoler and his wife, and then attended the turnkey into Joey's cell. As soon as the door was closed she threw herself down on the bedstead, and wept bitterly, quite heedless of our hero's remonstrance or attempts to sooth her.

“Oh! it is horrible—too horrible!” cried the almost fainting girl. “What can—what must be done! Either way, misery—disgrace! Lord, forgive me! But my head is turned. That you should be here! That you should be in this strait! Why was it not me? I—I have deserved all and more! prison, death, every thing is not too bad for me; but you, my dear, dear boy!”

“Mary, what is the reason of this? I cannot understand. Are matters worse than they were before?” said Joey. “And why should you talk in such a way about yourself? If you ever did wrong, you were

driven to it by the conduct of others; but your reformation is all your own."

"Ah, Joey!" replied Mary; "I should think little of my repentance if I held myself absolved by a few years' good conduct. No, no; a whole life of repentance is not sufficient for me; I must live on, ever repenting, and must die full of penitence, and imploring for pardon. But why do I talk of myself?"

"What has made you thus, Mary?"

"Joey, I cannot keep it a secret from you; it is useless to attempt it. I have discovered your father and mother!"

"Where are they? and do they know any thing of my position?"

"Yes, your mother does, but not your father."

"Tell me all, Mary, and tell me quickly."

"Your father and mother are Mr. and Mrs. Austin."

Joey's utterance failed him from astonishment ; he stared at Mary, but he could not utter a word. Mary again wept ; and Joey for some minutes remained by her side in silence.

“ Come, Mary,” said Joey at last, “ you can now tell me every thing.”

Joey sat down by her side, and Mary then communicated what had passed between herself and Mrs. Austin ; her acknowledgment that he was her relation ; the interest she took in him ; the money she had lavished ; her sufferings, which she had witnessed ; and then she wound up with the conversation between her and Mr. Trevor.

“ You see, my dear boy, there is no doubt of the fact. I believe I did promise Mrs. Austin to say nothing to you about it ; but I forgot my promise till just this minute. Now, Joey, what is to be done ?”

“ Tell me something about my father,

Mary," said Joey; "I wish to know how he is estimated, and how he behaves in his new position."

Mary told him all she knew, which was not a great deal: he was respected; but he was a strange man, kept himself very much aloof from others, and preferred seclusion.

"Mary," said Joey, "you know what were my intentions before; they are now still more fixed. I will take my chance; but I never will say one word. You already know and have guessed more than I could wish; I will not say that you are right, for it is not my secret."

"I thought as much," replied Mary, "and I feel how much my arguments must be weakened by the disclosures I have made. Before, I only felt for you; now I feel for all. Oh, Joey! why are you, so innocent, to be punished this way, and I, so guilty, to be spared?"

“It is the will of God that I should be in this strait, Mary; and now let us not renew the subject.”

“But, Joey, Mr. Trevor is coming here to-morrow; and he told me to tell you that you must have no reservation with your lawyer, if you wish him to be of service to you.”

“You have given your message, Mary, and now you must leave me to deal with him.”

“My heart is breaking,” said Mary, solemnly. “I wish I were in my grave, if that wish is not wicked.”

“Mary, recollect one thing;—recollect it supports me, and let it support you;—I am innocent.”

“You are, I’m sure; would to Heaven that I could say the same for another! But tell me, Joey, what shall I do when I meet your mother? I loved her before; but oh!

how much I love her now ! What shall I do ? Shall I tell her that I have discovered all ? I do not know how I can keep it from her."

" Mary, I see no objection to your telling her, but tell her also that I will not see her till after my trial ; whatever my fate may be, I should like to see her after that is decided."

" I will take your message the day after to-morrow," replied Mary ; " now I must go and look out for lodgings, and then write to your mother. Bless you !"

Mary quitted the cell ; she had suffered so much that she could hardly gain the gaoler's parlour, where she sat down to recover herself. She inquired of the gaoler's wife if she could procure apartments near to the prison, and the woman requested one of the turnkeys to take her to a lodging which would be suitable. As soon as Mary was located, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Austin,

informing her of her having seen the lawyer, and that his services were secured; and then, worn out with the anxiety and excitement of the three last days, she retired to bed, and in her sleep forgot her sufferings.

## CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH OUR HERO MAKES UP HIS MIND  
TO BE HANGED.

OUR hero was not sorry to be left alone ; for the first time he felt the absence of Mary a relief. He was almost as much bewildered as poor Mary, with the strange discovery ; his father a great landed proprietor, one of the first men in the county, universally respected—in the first society ! his mother, as he knew by Mary's letters written long ago, courted and sought after, loved and admired ! If he had made a resolution—a promise, he might say—when a mere child, that he would take the onus of the deed upon his own shoul-

ders, to protect his father, then a poacher and in humble life, how much more was it his duty, now that his father would so feel any degradation—now that, being raised so high, his fall would be so bitter, his disgrace so deeply felt, and the stigma so doubly severe ! “No, no,” thought Joey, “were I to impeach my father now—to accuse him of a deed which would bring him to the scaffold—I should not only be considered his murderer, but it would be said I had done it to inherit his possessions ; I should be considered one who had sacrificed his father to obtain his property. I should be scouted, shunned, and deservedly despised ; the disgrace of my father having been hanged would be a trifle compared with the reproach of a son having condemned a parent to the gallows. Now I am doubly bound to keep to my resolution, and, come what may, the secret shall die with me ;” and Joey slept soundly that night.

The next morning Mr. Trevor came into his cell.

“ I have seen your sister, Rushbrook,” said he, “ and, at her request, have come to assist you, if it is in my power. She has been here since, I have been informed, and, if so, I have no doubt that she has told you that you must have no secrets with your lawyer ; your legal friend and adviser in this case is your true friend ; he is bound in honour to secrecy, and were you to declare now that you were guilty of this murder, the very confidence would only make me more earnest in your defence. I have here all the evidence at the coroner’s inquest, and the verdict against you ; tell me honestly what did take place, and then I shall know better how to convince the jury that it did not.”

“ You are very kind, Sir, but I can say nothing even to you, except that, on my honour, I am not guilty.”

“But, tell me, then, how did it happen?”

“I have nothing more to say, and, with my thanks to you, Sir, I will say nothing more.”

“This is very strange: the evidence is strong against you; was the evidence correct?”

“The parties were correct in their evidence, as it appeared to them.”

“And yet you are not guilty!”

“I am not; I shall plead not guilty, and leave my fate to the jury.”

“Are you mad? Your sister is a sweet young woman, and has interested me greatly; but, if innocent, you are throwing away your life.”

“I am doing my duty, Sir; whatever you may think of my conduct, the secret dies with me.”

“And for whom do you sacrifice yourself

in this way, if, as you say, and as your sister declares, you are not guilty?"

Joey made no reply, but sat down on the bedstead.

"If the deed was not done by you, by whom was it done?" urged Mr. Trevor. "If you make no reply to that, I must throw up my brief."

"You said just now," returned Joey, "that if I declared myself guilty of the murder, you would still defend me; now, because I say I am not, and will not say who is, you must throw up your brief. Surely you are inconsistent."

"I must have your confidence, my good lad."

"You never will have more than you have now. I have not requested you to defend me. I care nothing about defence."

"Then you wish to be hanged?"

"No, I do not; but, rather than say any thing, I will take my chance of it."

“This is very strange,” said Mr. Trevor: after a pause, he continued, “I observe that you are supposed to have killed this man, Byres, when nobody else was present; you were known to go out with your father’s gun, and the keeper’s evidence proved that you poached. Now, as there is no evidence of intentional murder on your part, it is not impossible that the gun went off by accident, and that, mere boy as you must have been at that age, you were so frightened at what had taken place, that you absconded from fear. It appears to me that that should be our line of defence.”

“I never fired at the man at all,” said Joey.

“Who fired the gun, then?” asked Mr. Trevor.

Joey made no reply.

“Rushbrook,” said Mr. Trevor, “I am afraid I can be of little use to you; indeed,

were it not that your sister's tears have interested me, I would not take up your cause. I cannot understand your conduct, which appears to me to be absurd; your motives are inexplicable, and all I can believe is, that you have committed the crime, and will not divulge the secret to any one, not even to those who would befriend you."

"Think of me what you please, Sir," rejoined our hero; "see me condemned, and, if it should be so, executed; and, after all *that* has taken place, believe me, when I assert to you—as I hope for salvation—I am not guilty. I thank you, Sir, thank you sincerely, for the interest you have shown for me; I feel grateful, excessively grateful, and the more so for what you have said of Mary; but if you were to remain here for a month, you could gain no more from me than you have already."

"After such an avowal, it is useless my

stopping here," said Mr. Trevor; "I must make what defence I can, for your sister's sake."

"Many, many thanks, Sir, for your kindness; I am really grateful to you," replied Joey.

Mr. Trevor remained for a minute scanning the countenance of our hero. There was something in it so clear and bright, so unflinching, so proclaiming innocence and high feeling, that he sighed deeply as he left the cell.

His subsequent interview with Mary was short; he explained to her the difficulties arising from the obstinacy of her brother; but at the same time expressed his determination to do his best to save him.

Mary, as soon as she had seen Mr. Trevor, set off on her return to the Hall. As soon as she went to Mrs. Austin, Mary apprized her of Mr. Trevor's having consented to act as

counsel for our hero, and also of Joey's resolute determination not to divulge the secret.

"Madam," said Mary, after some hesitation, "it is my duty to have no secret from you ; and I hope you will not be angry when I tell you that I have discovered that which you would have concealed."

"What have you discovered, Mary?" asked Mrs. Austin, looking at her with alarm.

"That Joseph Rushbrook is your own son," said Mary, kneeling down, and kissing the hand of her mistress. "The secret is safe with me, depend upon it," she continued.

"And how have you made the discovery, Mary ; for I will not attempt to deny it?"

Mary then entered into a detail of her conversation with Mr. Trevor. "He asked me," said she, "as the sister of Joey, if we had any relatives, and I replied, 'No;' so that he has no suspicion of the fact. I beg your pardon, Madam, but I could not keep it from Joey ;

I quite forgot my promise to you at the time."

"And what did my poor child say?"

"That he would not see you until after his trial; but, when his fate was decided, he should like to see you once more. Oh! Madam! what a painful sacrifice! and yet, now, I do not blame him; for it is his duty."

"My dread is not for my son, Mary; he is innocent; and that to me is every thing; but if my husband was to hear of his being about to be tried, I know not what would be the consequence. If it can only be kept from his knowledge! God knows that he has suffered enough! But what am I saying? I was talking nonsense."

"Oh, Madam! I know the whole; I cannot be blinded either by Joey or you. I beg your pardon, Madam, but, although Joey would not reply, I told him that his father did the deed. But do not answer me, Madam; be

silent, as your son has been ; and believe me when I say that my suspicion could not be wrenched from me even by torture."

"I do trust you, Mary ; and perhaps the knowledge that you have obtained is advantageous. When does the trial come on?"

"The assizes commence to-morrow forenoon, Madam, they say."

Oh ! how I long to have him in these arms !" exclaimed Mrs. Austin.

"It is indeed a sad trial to a mother, Madam," replied Mary ; "but still it must not be until after he is——"

"—Yes ; until he is condemned ! God have mercy on me ! Mary, you had better return to Exeter ; but write to me every day. Stay by him and comfort him ; and may the God of comfort listen to the prayers of an unhappy and distracted mother ! Leave me now. God bless you, my dear girl ! you have indeed proved a comfort. Leave me now."

## CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH OUR HERO PROVES GAME TO THE  
VERY LAST.

MARY returned to Exeter. The trial of our hero was expected to come on on the following day. She preferred being with Joey to witnessing the agony and distress of Mrs. Austin, to whom she could offer no comfort ; indeed, her own state of suspense was so wearing, that she almost felt relief when the day of trial came on. Mr. Trevor had once more attempted to reason with Joey, but our hero continued firm in his resolution, and Mr. Trevor, when he made his appearance in the court, wore upon his countenance the marks of sorrow

and discontent : he did not, nevertheless, fail in his duty. Joey was brought to the bar, and his appearance was so different from that which was to be expected in one charged with the crime of murder, that strong interest was immediately excited ; the spectators anticipated a low-bred ruffian, and they beheld a fair, handsome young man, with an open brow and intelligent countenance, whose eye quailed not when it met their own, and whose demeanor was bold without being offensive. True that there were traces of sorrow on his countenance, and that his cheeks were pale ; but no one who had any knowledge of human nature, or any feeling of charity in his disposition, could say that there was the least appearance of guilt. The jury were empannelled, the counts of the indictment read over, and the trial commenced, and, as the indictment was preferred, the judge caught the date of the supposed offence.

“What is the date?” said the judge; “the year I mean?”

Upon the reply of the clerk, his lordship observed, “Eight years ago!” and then looking at the prisoner, added, “Why, he must have been a child!”

“As is too often the case,” replied the prosecuting counsel; “a child in years but not in guilt, as we shall soon bring evidence to substantiate.”

As the evidence brought forward was the same, as we have already mentioned, as given on the inquest over the body, we shall pass it over; that of Furness, as he was not to be found, was read to the court. As the trial proceeded, and as each fact came forth more condemning, people began to look with less compassion on the prisoner: they shook their heads and compressed their lips.

As soon as the evidence for the Crown was closed, Mr. Trevor rose in our hero's defence.

He commenced by ridiculing the idea of trying a mere child upon so grave a charge, for a child the prisoner must have been at the time the offence was committed. "Look at him, now, gentlemen of the jury; eight years ago the murder of the pedlar, Byres, took place; why, you may judge for yourselves whether he is now more than seventeen years of age; he could scarcely have held a gun at the time referred to."

"The prisoner's age does not appear in the indictment," observed the judge.

"May we ask his age, my Lord?" demanded one of the jury.

"The prisoner may answer the question if he pleases," replied the judge, "not otherwise; perhaps he may not yet be seventeen years of age. Do you wish to state your age to the jury, prisoner?"

"I have no objection, my Lord," replied Joey, not regarding the shakes of the head

of his counsel; “I was twenty-two last month.”

Mr. Trevor bit his lips at this unfortunate regard for truth in our hero, and, after a time, proceeded, observing that the very candour of the prisoner, in not taking advantage of his youthful appearance to deceive the jury, ought to be a strong argument in his favour. Mr. Trevor then continued to address the jury upon the vagueness of the evidence, and, as he proceeded, observed—“Now, gentlemen of the jury, if this case had been offered to me to give an opinion upon, I should, without any previous knowledge of the prisoner, have just come to the following conclusion:—I should have said (and your intelligence and good sense will, I have no doubt, bear me out in this supposition), that, allowing that the pedlar, Byres, did receive his death by the prisoner’s hand—I say, gentlemen, that *allowing* such

to have been the case, for I deny that it is borne out by the evidence—that it must have been that, at the sudden meeting with the pedlar, when the lad's conscience told him that what he was doing was wrong, that the gun of the prisoner was discharged unintentionally, and the consequence was fatal: I should then surmise, further, that the prisoner, frightened at the deed which he had unintentionally committed, had absconded upon the first impulse. That, gentlemen, I believe to be the real state of the case; and what was more natural than that a child under such circumstances should have been frightened, and have attempted to evade the inquiry which must have eventually ensued?"

"You state such to be your opinion, Mr. Trevor; do you wish me to infer that the prisoner pleads such as his defence?" asked the judge.

“My Lord,” replied Mr. Trevor, in a hesitating way, “the prisoner has pleaded not guilty to the crime imputed to him.”

“That I am aware of, but I wish to know whether you mean to say that the prisoner’s defence is, not having any thing to do with the death of the pedlar, or upon the plea of his gun going off by accident?”

“My Lord, it is my duty to my client to make no admission whatever.”

“I should think that you would be safe enough, all circumstances considered, if you took the latter course,” observed the judge, humanely.

Mr. Trevor was now in a dilemma; he knew not how to move. He was fearful, if he stated positively that our hero’s gun went off by accident, that Joey would deny it; and yet if he was permitted to assert this to be the case, he saw, from the bearing of the judge, that the result of the trial would be

satisfactory. It hardly need be observed that both judge, prosecuting counsel, jury, and everybody in court, were much astonished at this hesitation on the part of the prisoner's counsel.

“Do you mean to assert that the gun went off by accident, Mr. Trevor?” asked the judge.

“I never fired the gun, my Lord,” replied Joey, in a clear, steady voice.

“The prisoner has answered for me,” replied Mr. Trevor, recovering himself; “we are perfectly aware that by making a statement of accidental murder, we could safely have left the prisoner in the hands of an intelligent jury; but the fact is, my Lord, that the prisoner never fired the gun, and therefore could not be guilty of the murder imputed to him.”

Mr. Trevor had felt, upon our hero's assertion, that his case was hopeless; he roused

up, however, to make a strong appeal to the jury ; unfortunately, it was declamation only, not disproof of the charges, and the reply of the prosecuting counsel completely established the guilt of our hero upon what is called presumptive evidence. The jury retired for a few minutes after the summing up of the judge, and then returned a verdict against our hero of Guilty, but recommended him to mercy. Although the time to which we refer was one in which leniency was seldom extended, still there was the youth of our hero, and so much mystery in the transaction, that when the judge passed the sentence, he distinctly stated that the royal mercy would be so far extended, that the sentence would be commuted to transportation. Our hero made no reply ; he bowed, and was led back to his place of confinement, and in a few minutes afterwards the arms of the weeping Mary were encircled round his neck.

“You don’t blame me, Mary?” said Joey.

“No, no,” sobbed Mary; “all that the world can do is nothing, when we are innocent.”

“I shall soon be far from here, Mary,” said Joey, sitting down on the bedstead; “but thank heaven! it is over.”

The form of Emma Phillips rose up in our hero’s imagination, and he covered up his face with his hands.

“Had it not been for her!” thought he. “What must she think of me! a convicted felon! this is the hardest of all to bear up against.

“Joey,” said Mary, who had watched him in silence and tears, “I must go now; you will see her now, will you not?”

“She never will see me; she despises me already,” replied Joey.

“Your mother despise her noble boy? oh, never! How can you think so?”

“I was thinking of somebody else, Mary,” replied Joey. “Yes, I wish to see my mother.”

“Then I will go now; recollect what her anxiety and impatience must be. I will travel post to-night, and be there by to-morrow morning.”

“Go, dear Mary, go, and God bless you; hasten to my poor mother, and tell her that I am quite—yes—quite happy and resigned. Go now, quickly.”

Mary left the cell, and Joey, whose heart was breaking at the moment that he said he was happy and resigned, for he was thinking of his eternal separation from Emma, as soon as he was alone, threw himself on the bed, and gave full vent to those feelings of bitter anguish which he could no longer repress.

## CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH EVERYBODY APPEARS TO BE ON  
THE MOVE EXCEPT OUR HERO.

MARY set off with post-horses, and arrived at the Hall before day-light. She remained in her own room until the post came in, when her first object was to secure the newspapers before the butler had opened them, stating that her mistress was awake and requested to see them. She took the same precaution when the other papers came in late in the day, so that Mr. Austin should not read the account of the trial; this was the more easy to accomplish, as he seldom looked at a newspaper. As soon as the usual hour had ar-

rived, Mary presented herself to her mistress, and communicated the melancholy result of the trial. Mrs. Austin desired Mary to say to the servants that she was going to remain with a lady, a friend of hers, some miles off, who was dangerously ill, and should, in all probability, not return that night, or even the next, if her friend was not better; and, her preparations for the journey being completed, she set off with Mary a little before dark on her way to Exeter.

But, if Mr. Austin did not look at the newspapers, others did, and amongst the latter was Major M'Shane, who, having returned from his tour, was sitting with O'Donahue and the two ladies in the library of his own house when the post came in. The major had hardly looked at the newspaper, when the name of Rushbrook caught his eye; he turned to it, read a portion, and gave a loud whistle of surprise.

“What’s the matter, my dear?” asked Mrs. M‘Shane.

“Murder’s the matter, my jewel,” returned the major; “but don’t interrupt me just now, for I’m breathless with confusion.”

M‘Shane read the whole account of the trial, and the verdict, and then, without saying a word, put it into the hands of O’Donahue. As soon as O’Donahue had finished it, M‘Shane beckoned him out of the room.

“I didn’t like to let Mrs. M‘Shane know it, as she would take it sorely to heart,” said M‘Shane; “but what’s to be done now, O’Donahue? You see the boy has not peached upon his father, and is convicted himself. It would be poor comfort to Mrs. M‘Shane, who loves the memory of that boy better than she would a dozen little M‘Shanes, if it pleased heaven to grant them to her, to know that the boy is found, when he is only found to be sent away over the water; so it is

better that nothing should be said about it just now ; but what is to be done ?”

“ Well, it appears to me that we had better be off to Exeter directly,” replied O’Donahue.

“ Yes, and see him,” rejoined the major.

“ Before I saw him, M’Shane, I would call upon the lawyer who defended him, and tell him what you know about the father, and what our suspicions, I may say convictions, are. He would then tell us how to proceed, so as to procure his pardon, perhaps.”

“ That’s good advice ; and now what excuse are we to make for running away ?”

“ As for my wife,” replied O’Donahue, “ I may as well tell her the truth ; she will keep it secret ; and as for yours, she will believe any thing you please to tell her.”

“ And so she will, the good creature, and that’s why I never can bear to deceive her about any thing ; but, in this instance, it is all for her own sake ; and, therefore, suppose

your wife says that you must go to town immediately, and that I had better accompany you, as it is upon a serious affair?"

"Be it so," replied O'Donahue; "do you order the horses to be put to while I settle the affair with the females."

This was soon done, and in half an hour the two gentlemen were on their way to Exeter; and as soon as they arrived, which was late in the evening, they established themselves at the principal hotel.

In the meantime Mrs. Austin and Mary had also arrived, and had taken up their quarters at another hotel, where Mrs. Austin would be less exposed. It was, however, too late to visit our hero when they arrived, and the next morning they proceeded to the gaol, much about the same hour that M'Shane and O'Donahue paid their visit to Mr. Trevor.

Perhaps it will be better to leave to the imagination of our readers the scene which

occurred between our hero and his mother, as we have had too many painful ones already in this latter portion of our narrative. The joy and grief of both at meeting again, only to part for ever—the strong conflict between duty and love—the lacerated feelings of the doting mother, the true and affectionate son, and the devoted servant and friend—may be better imagined than expressed: but their grief was raised to its climax when our hero, pressed in his mother's arms as he narrated his adventures, confessed that another pang was added to his sufferings in parting with the object of his earliest affections.

“My poor, poor boy, this is indeed a bitter cup to drink!” exclaimed Mrs. Austin; “may God, in his mercy, look down upon you, and console you!”

“He will, mother; and when far away, not before—not until you can safely do so—promise me to go to Emma, and tell her that

I was not guilty; I can bear any thing but that she should despise me."

"I will, my child, I will; and I will love her dearly for your sake. Now go on with your history, my dear boy."

We must leave our hero and his mother in conversation, and return to M'Shane and O'Donahue, who, as soon as they had breakfasted, repaired to the lodgings of Mr. Trevor.

M'Shane, who was spokesman, soon entered upon the business which brought them there.

Mr. Trevor stated to him the pertinacity of our hero, and the impossibility of saving him from condemnation, remarking, at the same time, that there was a mystery which he could not fathom.

M'Shane took upon himself to explain that mystery, having, as we have before observed, already been sufficiently clear-sighted to fa-

thom it; and referred to O'Donahue to corroborate his opinion of the elder Rushbrook's character.

"And this father of his is totally lost sight of, you say?" observed Mr. Trevor.

"Altogether; I have never been able to trace him," replied M'Shane.

"I was observing to his sister——" said Mr. Trevor.

"He has no sister," interrupted M'Shane.

"Still there is a young woman—and a very sweet young woman too—who came to me in London, to engage me for his defence, who represented herself as his sister."

"That is strange," rejoined M'Shane, musing.

"But, however," continued Mr. Trevor, "as I was about to say, I was observing to this young woman, how strange it was, that the first time I was legally employed for the name of Rushbrook, it should be a case which,

in the opinion of the world, should produce the highest gratification, and that in the second in one which has ended in misery."

"How do you mean?" inquired M'Shane.

"I put a person of the name of Rushbrook in possession of a large fortune. I asked our young friend's sister whether he could be any relation, but she said no."

"Young Rushbrook had no sister, I am sure," interrupted M'Shane.

"I now recollect," continued Mr. Trevor, "that this person who came into the fortune stated that he had formerly held a commission in the army."

"Then depend on it it's Rushbrook himself who has given himself brevet rank," replied M'Shane. "Where is he now?"

"Down in Dorsetshire," said Mr. Trevor; "he succeeded to the Austin estate, and has taken the name."

“ ’Tis he ! ’tis he ! I’ll swear to it,” cried M’Shane ; “ Phillaloo ! Murder and Irish ! the murder’s out now. No wonder this gentleman wouldn’t return my visit, and keeps himself entirely at home. I beg your pardon, Mr. Trevor, but what sort of a looking personage may he be, for, as I have said, I have never seen this Mr. Austin ?”

“ A fine, tall, soldierly man ; I should say rough, but still not vulgar, dark hair and eyes, aquiline nose ; if I recollect right—”

“ ’Tis the man !” exclaimed O’Donahue.

“ And his wife—did you see her ?” asked M’Shane.

“ No, I did not,” replied Mr. Trevor.

“ Well, I have seen her very often,” rejoined M’Shane ; “ and a very nice creature she appears to be. I have never been in their house in my life, I called and left my card, that’s all ; but I have met her several times ; however, as you have not seen her, that proves

nothing ; and now, Mr. Trevor, what do you think we should do ?”

“ I really am not prepared to advise ; it is a case of great difficulty ; I think, however, it would be advisable for you to call upon young Rushbrook, and see what you can obtain from him ; after that, if you come here to-morrow morning, I will be better prepared to give you an answer.”

“ I will do as you wish, Sir ; I will call upon my friend first, and my name’s not M‘Shane, if I don’t call upon his father afterwards.”

“ Do nothing rashly, I beg,” replied Mr. Trevor ; “ recollect you have come to me for advice, and I think you are bound at least to hear what I have to propose before you act.”

“ That’s the truth, Mr. Trevor ; so now, with many thanks, we will take our leave, and call upon you to-morrow.”

M‘Shane and O’Donahue then proceeded

to the gaol and demanded permission to see our hero.

“There are two ladies with him, just now,” said the gaoler; they have been there these three hours, so I suppose they will not be much longer.”

“We will wait then,” replied O’Donahue.

In about a quarter of an hour Mrs. Austin and Mary made their appearance; the former was closely veiled when she entered the gaoler’s parlour in which O’Donahue and M’Shane were waiting. It had not been the intention of Mrs. Austin to have gone into the parlour, but her agitation and distress had so overcome her that she could scarcely walk, and Mary had persuaded her as she came down to go in and take a glass of water. The gentlemen rose when she came in; she immediately recognized M’Shane, and the sudden rush into her memory of what might be the issue of the meeting, was so over-

whelming, that she dropped into a chair and fainted.

Mary ran for some water, and while she did so, M'Shane and O'Donahue went to the assistance of Mrs. Austin. The veil was removed, and, of course, she was immediately recognized by M'Shane, who was now fully convinced that Austin and Rushbrook were one and the same person.

Upon the first signs of returning animation, M'Shane had the delicacy to withdraw, and making a sign to the gaoler, he and O'Donahue repaired to the cell of our hero. The greeting was warm on both sides. M'Shane was eager to enter upon the subject; he pointed out to Joey that he knew who committed the murder; indeed, plainly told him that it was the deed of his father. But Joey, as before, would admit nothing; he was satisfied with their belief in his innocence, but, having made up his mind to suffer, could not

be persuaded to reveal the truth, and M'Shane and O'Donahue quitted the cell, perceiving that unless most decided steps were taken, without the knowledge of our hero, there was no chance of his being extricated from his melancholy fate. Struck with admiration at his courage and self-devotion towards an unworthy parent, they bade him farewell, simply promising to use all their endeavours in his behalf.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE INTERVIEW.

ACCORDING to their arrangement, on the following morning, M'Shane and O'Donahue, called upon Mr. Trevor, and after half-an-hour's consultation, it was at last decided that they should make an attempt to see Austin, and bide the issue of the interview, when they would again communicate with the lawyer, who was to return to town on the following day. They then set off as fast as four horses could convey them, and drove direct to the Hall, where they arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

It had so happened that Austin had the

evening before inquired for his wife. The servant reported to him what Mary had told them, and Austin, who was in a fidgetty humour, had sent for the coachman who had driven the carriage, to inquire whether Mrs. Austin's friend was very ill. The coachman stated that he had not driven over to the place in question, but to the nearest post-town, where Mrs. Austin had taken a post-chaise. This mystery and concealment on the part of his wife was not very agreeable to a man of Mr. Austin's temper; he was by turns indignant and alarmed; and after having passed a sleepless night, had been all the day anxiously awaiting Mrs. Austin's return, when the sound of wheels was heard, and the carriage of M'Shane drove up to the door. On inquiry if Mr. Austin was at home, the servants replied that they would ascertain; and Austin, who imagined that this unusual visit might be connected with his wife's mysterious

absence, desired the butler to show in the visitors. Austin started at the announcement of the names, but recovering himself, he remained standing near the table, drawn up to his full height.

“Mr. Austin,” said O’Donahue, “we have ventured to call upon you upon an affair of some importance : as Mr. Austin, we have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but we were formerly, if I mistake not, serving his Majesty in the same regiment.”

“I do not pretend to deny, gentlemen, that you once knew me under different circumstances,” replied Austin, haughtily; “will you please to be seated, and then probably you will favour me with the cause of this visit.”

“May I inquire of you, Mr. Austin,” said M’Shane, “if you may have happened to look over the newspapers within these few days?”

“No ! and now I recollect—which is unusual—the papers have not been brought to me regularly.”

“They were probably withheld from you in consequence of the intelligence they would have conveyed to you.”

“May I ask what that intelligence may be?” inquired Austin, surprised.

“The trial, conviction, and sentence to transportation for life of one Joseph Rushbrook, for the murder of a man of the name of Byres,” replied M'Shane; “Mr. Austin, you are of course aware that he is your son.”

“You have, of course, seen the party, and he has made that statement to you?” replied Mr. Austin.

“We have seen the party, but he has not made that statement,” replied O'Donahue; “but do you pretend to deny it?”

“I am not aware upon what grounds you have thought proper to come here to interro-

gate me," replied Austin. "Supposing that I had a son, and that son has, as you say, been guilty of the deed, it certainly is no concern of yours."

"First, with your leave, Mr. Austin," said M'Shane, "let me prove that he is your son. You were living at Grassford, where the murder was committed; your son ran away in consequence, and fell into the hands of Captain (now General) O'Donahue; from him your son was made over to me, and I adopted him; but having been recognized, when at school, by Furness, the schoolmaster of the village, he absconded to avoid being apprehended; and I have never seen him from that time till yesterday morning, when I called upon him, and had an interview, as soon as his mother, Mrs. Austin, had quitted the cell in Exeter gaol, where he is at present confined."

Austin started—here was the cause of Mrs.

Austin's absence explained ; neither could he any longer refuse to admit that Joey was his son. After a silence of a minute, he replied—

“ I have to thank you much for your kindness to my poor boy, Major M'Shane ; and truly sorry am I that he is in such a dilemma. Now that I am acquainted with it, I shall do all in my power. There are other Rushbrooks, gentlemen, and you cannot be surprised at my not immediately admitting that such a disgrace has occurred to my own family. Of Mrs. Austin having been with him I assure you I had not any idea ; her having gone there puts it beyond a doubt, although it has been carefully concealed from me till this moment.”

It must not be supposed that because Austin replied so calmly to Major M'Shane, he was calm within. On the contrary, from the very first of the interview he had

been in a state of extreme excitement, and the struggle to command his feelings was terrible; indeed, it was now so painfully expressed in his countenance, that O'Donahue said—

“Perhaps, Mr. Austin, you will allow me to ring for a little water?”

“No, Sir, thank you,” replied Austin, gasping for breath.

“Since you have admitted that Joseph Rushbrook is your son, Mr. Austin,” continued M'Shane, “your own flesh and blood, may I inquire of you what you intend to do in his behalf? Do you intend to allow the law to take its course, and your son to be banished for life?”

“What can I do, gentlemen? He has been tried and condemned; of course, if any exertion on my part can avail—but I fear that there is no chance of that.”

“Mr. Austin, if he were guilty I should

not have interfered ; but, in my opinion, he is innocent ; do you not think so ? ”

“ I do not believe, Sir, that he ever would have done such a deed ; but that avails nothing, he is condemned.”

“ I grant it, unless the real murderer of the pedlar could be brought forward.”

“ Y-e-s,” replied Austin, trembling.

“ Shall I denounce him, Mr. Austin ? ”

“ Do you know him ? ” replied Austin, starting on his feet.

“ Yes, Rushbrook,” replied M‘Shane, in a voice of thunder, “ I do know him,—’tis yourself ! ”

Austin could bear up no longer, he fell down on the floor as if he had been shot. O‘Donahue and M‘Shane went to his assistance ; they raised him up, but he was insensible ; they then rang the bell for assistance, the servant came in, medical advice was sent for, and M‘Shane and O‘Donahue, perceiving

there was no chance of prosecuting their intentions, in Mr. Austin's present state, quitted the Hall just as the chaise with Mrs. Austin and Mary drove up to the door.

## CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT THE  
STORY WINDS UP TO THE SATISFACTION  
OF THE READER.

It was not for some time after the arrival of the medical men that Mr. Austin could be recovered from his state of insensibility, and when he was at last restored to life, it was not to reason. He raved wildly, and it was pronounced that his attack was a brain fever. As, in his incoherent exclamations, the name of Byres was frequently repeated, as soon as the medical assistance had withdrawn, Mrs. Austin desired all the servants, with the exception of Mary, to quit the room; they did

so with reluctance, for their curiosity was excited, and there was shrugging of the shoulders, and whispering, and surmising, and repeating of the words which had escaped from their unconscious master's lips, and hints that all was not right passed from one to the other in the servants' hall. In the meantime, Mrs. Austin and Mary remained with him; and well it was that the servants had been sent away, if they were not to know what had taken place so long ago, for now Austin played the whole scene over again, denounced himself as a murderer, spoke of his son, and of his remorse, and then he would imagine himself in conflict with Byres—he clenched his fists—and he laughed and chuckled—and then would change again to bitter lamentations for the deed which he had done.

“Oh, Mary, how is this to end?” exclaimed Mrs. Austin, after one of the paroxysms had subsided.

“As guilt always must end, Madam,” replied Mary, bursting into tears, and clasping her hands,—“in misery.”

“My dear Mary, do not distress yourself in that manner; you are no longer guilty.”

“Nor is my master then, Madam; for I am sure that he has repented.”

“Yes, indeed, he has repented most sincerely; one hasty deed has embittered his whole life—he never has been happy since, and never will be until he is in heaven.”

“Oh, what a happy relief it would be to him!” replied Mary, musing. “I wish that I was, if such wish is not sinful.”

“Mary, you must not add to my distress by talking in that manner; I want your support and consolation now.”

“You have a right to demand every thing of me, Madam,” replied Mary, “and I will do my best, I will indeed; I have often felt

this before, and I thank God for it; it will make me more humble."

The fever continued for many days, during which time Mr. Austin was attended solely by his wife and Mary; the latter had written to our hero, stating the cause of her absence from him in so trying a period, and had received an answer, stating that he had received from very good authority the information that he was not likely to leave the country for some weeks, and requesting that Mary would remain with his mother until his father's dangerous illness was decided one way or the other; he stated that he should be perfectly satisfied if he only saw her once before his departure, to arrange with her relative to her affairs, and to give her legal authority to act for him, previous to his removal from the country. He told her that he had perceived an advertisement in the London papers, evidently put in by his friends at Portsmouth,

offering a handsome reward to any one who could give any account of him—and that he was fearful that some of those who were at the trial would read it, and make known his position; he begged Mary to write to him every day if possible, if it were only a few lines, and sent his devoted love to his mother. Mary complied with all our hero's requests, and every day a few lines were despatched; and it was now ascertained by the other domestics, and by them made generally known, that a daily correspondence was kept up with a prisoner in Exeter gaol, which added still more mystery and interest in the state of Mr. Austin. Many were the calls and cards left at the Hall, and if we were to inquire whether curiosity or condolence was the motive of those who went there, we are afraid that the cause would, in most cases, have proved to have been the latter. Among others, O'Donahue and M'Shane did not fail to send every

day, waiting for the time when they could persuade Austin to do justice to his own child.

The crisis, as predicted by the medical attendants, at last arrived, and Mr. Austin recovered his reason, but, at the same time, all hopes of his again rising from his bed were given over. This intelligence was communicated to his wife, who wept and wished, but dared not utter what she wished; Mary, however, took an opportunity, when Mrs. Austin had quitted the room, to tell Mr. Austin, who was in such a feeble state that he could hardly speak, that the time would soon come when he would be summoned before a higher tribunal, and conjured him by the hopes he had of forgiveness, now that the world was fading away before his eyes, to put away all pride, and to do that justice to his son which our hero's noble conduct towards him demanded—to make a confession

either in writing or in presence of witnesses, before he died—which would prove the innocence of his only child, the heir to the property and the name.

There was a struggle, and a long one, in the proud heart of Mr. Austin before he could consent to this act of justice. Mary had pointed out the propriety of it early in the morning, and it was not until late in the evening, after having remained in silence and with his eyes closed for the whole day, that Austin made a sign to his wife to bend down to him, and desired her in a half-whisper to send for a magistrate. His request was immediately attended to; and in an hour the summons was answered by one with whom Austin had been on good terms. Austin made his deposition in few words, and was supported by Mary while he signed the paper. It was done; and when she would have removed the pen from his fingers, she

found that it was still held fast, and that his head had fallen back ; the conflict between his pride and this act of duty had been too overpowering for him in his weak condition, and Mr. Austin was dead before the ink of his signature had time to dry.

The gentleman who had been summoned in his capacity of magistrate thought it advisable to remove from the scene of distress without attempting to communicate with Mrs. Austin in her present distress. He had been in conversation with O'Donahue and M'Shane at the time that he was summoned, and Mr. Austin's illness and the various reports abroad had been there canvassed. O'Donahue and M'Shane had reserved the secret ; but when their friend was sent for, anticipating that some such result would take place, they requested him to return to them from the Hall; he did so, and acquainted them with what had passed.

“There’s no time to lose, then,” said M‘Shane; “I will, if you please, take a copy of this deposition.”

O‘Donahue entered into a brief narrative of the circumstances and the behaviour of our hero; and, as soon as the copy of the deposition had been attested by the magistrate, he and M‘Shane ordered horses, and set off for London. They knocked up Mr. Trevor at his private house in the middle of the night, and put the document into his hands.

“Well, Major M‘Shane, I would gladly have risen from a sick bed to have had this paper put into my hands; we must call upon the Secretary of State to-morrow, and I have no doubt but that the poor lad will be speedily released, take possession of his property, and be an honour to the county.”

“An honour to old England,” replied M‘Shane; “but I shall now wish you good night.”

Mr. Shane, before he went to bed, immediately wrote a letter to Mrs. Austin, acquainting her with what he had done, and the intentions of Mr. Trevor, sending it by express; he simply stated the facts, without any comments.

But we must now return to Portsmouth. The advertisement of Mr. Small did not escape the keen eye of the police-constable who had arrested our hero—as the reader must recollect the arrest was made so quietly that no one was aware of the circumstance, and as the reward of £100 would be a very handsome addition to the £200 which he had already received—the man immediately set off for Portsmouth on the outside of the coach, and went to Mr. Small, where he found him in the counting-house with Mr. Sleek. He soon introduced himself, and his business with them; and such was Mr. Small's impatience that he immediately signed a cheque

for the amount, and handed it to the police-officer, who then bluntly told him that our hero had been tried for murder, and sentenced to transportation, his real name being Rushbrook, and not O'Donahue.

This was a heavy blow to Mr. Small : having obtained all the particulars from the police-constable, he dismissed him, and was for some time in consultation with Mr. Sleet ; and as it would be impossible long to withhold the facts, it was thought advisable that Mrs. Phillips and Emma should become acquainted with them immediately, the more so as Emma had acknowledged that there was a mystery about our hero, a portion of which she was acquainted with.

Mrs. Phillips was the first party to whom the intelligence was communicated, and she was greatly distressed. It was some time before she could decide upon whether Emma, in her weak state, should be made acquainted

with the melancholy tidings, but as she had suffered so much from suspense, it was at last considered advisable that the communication should be made. It was done as cautiously as possible; Emma was not so shocked as they supposed she would have been at the intelligence.

“I have been prepared for this, or something like this,” replied she, weeping in her mother’s arms, “but I cannot believe that he has done the deed; he told me that he did not, when he was a child; he has asserted it since. Mother, I must—I will go and see him.”

“See him, my child! he is confined in gaol.”

“Do not refuse me, mother, you know not what I feel—you know not—I never knew myself till now how much I loved him. See him I must and will. Dearest mother, if you value my life, if you would not drive reason from its seat, do not refuse me.”

Mrs. Phillips found that it was in vain to argue, and consulted with Mr. Small, who at length (after having in vain remonstrated with Emma) decided that her request should be granted, and that very day he accompanied his niece, travelling all night, until they arrived at Exeter.

In the meantime Mrs. Austin had remained in a state of great distress ; her husband lay dead ; she believed that he had confessed his guilt, but to what extent she did not know, for neither she nor Mary had heard what passed between him and the magistrate. She had no one but Mary to confide in or to console, no one to advise with or to consult. She thought of sending for the magistrate, but it would appear indecorous, and she was all anxiety and doubt. The letter from M<sup>r</sup> Shane, which arrived the next afternoon, relieved her at once ; she felt that her boy was safe.

“ Mary, dear, read this ; he is safe,” ex-

claimed she ; “ God of heaven, accept a mother’s grateful tears.”

“ Cannot you spare me, Madam?” replied Mary, returning the letter.

“ Spare you. Oh, yes ! quick, Mary, lose not a moment, go to him, and take this letter with you. My dear, dear child.”

Mary did not wait a second command ; she sent for post-horses, and in half an hour was on her way to Exeter ; travelling with as much speed as Emma and her uncle, she arrived there but a few hours after them.

Our hero had been anxiously awaiting for Mary’s daily communication, the post time had passed, and it had not arrived. Pale and haggard from long confinement and distress of mind, he was pacing up and down, when the bolts were turned, and Emma, supported by her uncle, entered the cell. At the sight of her, our hero uttered a cry, and staggered against the wall ; he appeared to have lost his

usual self-control. "Oh," said he, "this might have been spared me, I have not deserved this punishment. Emma, hear me. As I hope for future happiness, I am innocent; I am—I am, indeed—," and he fell senseless on the pavement.

Mr. Small raised him up and put him on the bed; after a time he revived, and remained where he had been laid, sobbing convulsively.

As soon as he became more composed, Emma, who had been sitting by him, the tears coursing each other down her pale cheeks, addressed him in a calm voice.

"I feel—I am sure that you are innocent, or I should not have been here."

"Bless you for that, Emma, bless you; those few words of yours have given me more consolation than you can imagine. Is it nothing to be treated as a felon, to be disgraced, to be banished to a distant country,

and that at the very time that I was full of happiness, prosperous, and anticipating?—(but I cannot dwell upon that). Is it not hard to bear, Emma? and what could support me, but the consciousness of my own innocence, and the assurance that she whom I love so, and whom I now lose for ever, still believes me so? Yes, it is a balm; a consolation; and I will now submit to the will of Heaven.”

Emma burst into tears, leaning her face on our hero's shoulders. After a time she replied, “ And am I not to be pitied? Is it nothing to love tenderly, devotedly, madly—to have given my heart, my whole thoughts, my existence to one object—(why should I conceal it now?)—to have been dwelling upon visions of futurity so pleasing, so delightful, all passing away as a dream, and leaving a sad reality like this? Make me one promise; you will not refuse Emma—who knelt by your

side when you first met her, she who is kneeling before you now?"

"I dare not, Emma, for my heart tells me that you would propose a step which must not be—you must leave me now, and for ever."

"For ever! for ever!" cried Emma, springing on her feet. "No! no!—uncle, he says I am to leave him for ever! Who is that?" continued the frantic girl. "Mary! yes, 'tis! Mary, he says I must leave him for ever!" (It was Mary who had just come into the cell). "Must I, Mary?"

"No—no!" replied Mary, "not so! he is saved, and his innocence is established; he is yours for ever!"

We shall not attempt to describe the scene which we could not do justice to. We must allow the day to pass away; during which Emma and our hero, M'Shane and Mary, were sitting together; tears of misery wiped away—tears of joy still flowing and glis-

tening with the radiance of intermingled smiles.

The next morning M'Shane and O'Donahue arrived, the Secretary of State had given immediate orders for our hero's release, and they had brought the document with them.

The following day they were all *en route*, Emma and her uncle to Portsmouth, where they anxiously awaited the arrival of our hero as soon as he had performed his duty to his parents.

We must allow the reader to suppose the joy of Mrs. Austin in once more holding her child in her embrace, and the smiles and happiness of Mary at his triumphant acquittal; the wondering of the domestics, the scandal and rumour of the neighbourhood. Three days sufficed to make all known, and by that time Joey was looked upon as the hero of a novel. On the fourth day he accompanied the remains of his father as chief mourner.

The funeral was quiet without being mean ; there was no attendance, no carriages of the neighbouring gentry followed. Our hero was quite alone and unsupported ; but when the ceremony was over, the want of respect shown to the memory of his father was more than atoned for by the kindness and consideration shown towards the son, who was warmly, yet delicately, welcomed as the future proprietor of the Hall.

Three months passed away, and there was a great crowd before the house of Mr. Small, navy-agent, at Portsmouth. There was a large company assembled, the O'Donahues, the M'Shanes, the Spikemans, and many others. Mrs. Austin was there, looking ten years younger ; and Mary was attending her at the toilet, both of them half smiles, half tears, for it was the morning of our hero's wedding-day. Mr. Small strutted about in white smalls, and Mr. Sleek spluttered over

everybody. The procession went to the church, and soon after the ceremony, one couple of the party set off for the Hall; where the others went is of no consequence.

We have now wound up the history of little Joey Rushbrook, the poacher. We have only to add, that the character of our hero was not the worse as he grew older, and was the father of a family. The Hall was celebrated for hospitality, for the amiability of its possessors, and the art which they possessed of making other people happy. Mary remained with them more as a confidant than as a servant; indeed, she had so much money, that she received several offers of marriage, which she invariably refused, observing with the true humbleness of a contrite heart, that she was undeserving of any honest, good man. Everybody else, even those who knew her history, thought otherwise; but Mary continued firm in her resolution. As for all the

rest of the personages introduced into these pages, they passed through life with an average portion of happiness, which is all that can be expected.

In conclusion, we have only one remark to make. In this story we have shown how a young lad, who commenced his career with poaching, ultimately became a gentleman of £7,000 a-year; but we must remind our youthful readers, that it does not follow that every one who commences with poaching is to have the same good fortune. We advise them, therefore, not to attempt it, as they may find that instead of £7,000 a-year, they may stand a chance of going to where our hero very narrowly escaped from being sent; that is, to a certain portion of her Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, latterly termed Australia, but more generally known by the appellation of Botany Bay.



A RENCONTRE.



## A RENCONTRE.

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ONE evening I was sitting alone in the *salle à manger* of the *Couronne d' Or*, at Boulogne, when Colonel G——, an old acquaintance, came in. After the first greeting he took a chair, and was soon as busily occupied as I was with a cigar, which was occasionally removed from our lips as we asked and replied to questions as to what had been our pursuits subsequent to our last rencontre. After about half an hour's chit-chat, he observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar—

“ When I was last in this room I was in company with a very strange personage.”

“ Male or female ?” inquired I.

“ Female,” replied Colonel G——. “ Altogether it’s a story worth telling, and as it will pass away the time, I will relate it you—unless you wish to retire.”

As I satisfied him that I was not anxious to go to bed, and very anxious to hear his story, he narrated it as near as I can recollect in the following words:—

“ I had taken my place in the diligence from Paris, and when I arrived at *Notre Dame des Victoires* it was all ready for a start; the luggage, piled up as high as an English haystack, had been covered over and buckled down, and the *conducteur* was calling out for the passengers. I took my last hasty whiff of my cigar, and unwillingly threw away more than half of a really good Havannah; for I perceived that in the *inté-*

*rieur*, for which I had booked myself, there was one female already seated: and women and cigars are such great luxuries in their respective ways, that they are not to be indulged in at one and the same time—the world would be too happy, and happiness, we are told, is not for us here below. Not that I agree with that moral, although it comes from very high authority;—there is a great deal of happiness in this world, if you knew how to extract it; or rather, I should say, of pleasure: there is a pleasure in doing good; there is a pleasure, unfortunately, in doing wrong; there is a pleasure in looking forward, ay, and in looking backward also; there is pleasure in loving and being loved, in eating, in drinking, and though last, not least, in smoking. I do not mean to say that there are not the drawbacks of pain, regret, and even remorse; but there is a sort of pleasure even in them: it is pleasant to repent, because you

know that you are doing your duty ; and if there is no great pleasure in pain, it precedes an excess when it has left you. I say again, that, if you know how to extract it, there is a great deal of pleasure and of happiness in this world, especially if you have, as I have, a very bad memory.

“ ‘ *Allons, Messieurs!* ’ said the *conduc-teur*; and when I got in I found myself the sixth person, and opposite to the lady: for all the other passengers were of my own sex. Having fixed our hats up to the roof, wriggled and twisted a little so as to get rid of coat-tails, &c., all of which was effected previous to our having cleared *Rue Notre Dame des Victoires*, we began to scrutinise each other. Our female companion’s veil was down and doubled, so that I could not well make her out; my other four companions were young men, all Frenchmen, apparently good-tempered, and inclined to be agreeable.

A few seconds were sufficient for my reconnoitre of the gentlemen, and then my eyes were naturally turned towards the lady. She was muffled up in a winter cloak, so that her figure was not to be made out; and the veil still fell down before her face, so that only one cheek and a portion of her chin could be deciphered:—that fragment of her physiognomy was very pretty, and I watched in silence for the removal of the veil.

“ I have omitted to state that, before I got into the diligence, I saw her take a very tender adieu of a very handsome woman; but as her back was turned to me at the time, I did not see her face. She had now fallen back in her seat, and seemed disposed to commune with her own thoughts: that did not suit my views, which were to have a view of her face. Real politeness would have induced me to have left her to herself, but pretended politeness was resorted to that I might gratify my

curiosity; so I inquired if she wished the window up. The answer was in the negative, and in a very sweet voice; and then there was a pause, of course—so I tried again.

“ ‘You are melancholy at parting with your handsome sister,’ observed I, leaning forward with as much appearance of interest as I could put into my beautiful phiz.

“ ‘How could you have presumed that she was my sister?’ replied she.

“ ‘From the *strong family* likeness,’ rejoined I, ‘I felt certain of it.’

“ ‘But she is only my sister-in-law, Sir—my brother’s wife.’

“ ‘Then, I presume, he chose a wife as like his sister as he could find: nothing more natural—I should have done the same.’

“ ‘Sir, you are very polite,’ replied the lady, who lowered down the window, adding, ‘I like fresh air.’

“ ‘ Perhaps you will find yourself less inconvenienced if you take off your veil?’

“ ‘ I will not ascribe that proposition to curiosity on your part, Sir,’ replied the lady, ‘ as you have already seen my face.’

“ ‘ You cannot, then, be surprised at my wishing to see it once more.’

“ ‘ You are very polite, Sir.’

“ Although her voice was soft, there was a certain quickness and decision in her manner and language which were very remarkable. The other passengers now addressed her, and the conversation became general. The veiled lady took her share in it, and showed a great deal of smartness and repartee. In an hour more we were all very intimate. As we changed horses, I took down my hat to put into it my cigar-case which I had left in my pocket, upon which the lady observed, ‘ You smoke, I perceive; and so, I dare say, do all the rest of the gentlemen.—Now, do not

mind me ; I am fond of the smell of tobacco—I am used to it.’

“ We hesitated.

“ ‘ Nay, more, I smoke myself, and will take a cigar with you.’

“ This was decisive. I offered my cigar-case—another gentleman struck a light. Lifting up her veil so as to show a very pretty mouth, with teeth as white as snow, she put the cigar in her mouth, and set us the example. In a minute both windows were down, and every one had a cigar in his mouth. ”

“ ‘ Where did you learn to smoke, Madam ? ’ was a question put to the *incognita* by the passenger who sat next to her.

“ ‘ Where?—In the camp—Africa—everywhere. I did belong to the army—that is, my husband was the captain of the 47th. He was killed, poor man ! in the last successful expedition to Constantine :—*c’était un brave homme.*’

“ ‘ Indeed ! Were you at Constantine ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, I was ; I followed the army during the whole campaign. ’

“ The diligence stopped for supper or dinner, whichever it might be considered, and the *conducteur* threw open the doors. ‘ Now,’ thought I, ‘ we shall see her face ; ’ and so, I believe, thought the other passengers : but we were mistaken ; the lady went up-stairs and had a basin of soup taken to her. When all was ready we found her in the diligence, with her veil down as before.

“ This was very provoking, for she was so lively and witty in conversation, and the features of her face which had been disclosed were so perfect, that I was really quite on a fret that she would leave me without satisfying my curiosity :—they talk of woman’s curiosity, but we men have as much, after all. It became dark ;—the lady evidently avoided

further conversation, and we all composed ourselves as well as we could. It may be as well to state in few words, that the next morning she was as cautious and reserved as ever. The diligence arrived at this hotel—the passengers separated—and I found that the lady and I were the only two who took up our quarters there. At all events, the Frenchmen who travelled with us went away just as wise as they came.

“ ‘ You remain here ? ’ inquired I, as soon as we had got out of the diligence.

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied she. ‘ And you ——’

“ ‘ I remain here, certainly ; but I hope you do not intend to remain always veiled. It is too cruel of you.’

“ ‘ I must go to my room now and make myself a little more comfortable ; after that, Mons. l’Anglais, I will speak to you. You are going over in the packet, I presume ?’

“ ‘ I am : by to-morrow’s packet.’ ”

“ ‘ I shall put myself under your protection, for I am also going to London.’ ”

“ ‘ I shall be most delighted.’ ”

“ ‘ *Au revoir.*’ ”

“ About an hour afterwards a message was brought to me by the *garçon*, that the lady would be happy to receive me in No. 19. I ascended to the second floor, knocked, and was told to come in.

“ She was now without a veil ; and what do you think was her reason for the concealment of her person ? ”

“ By the beard of Mokhanna, how can I tell ? ”

“ Well, then, she had two of the most beautiful eyes in the world ; her eyebrows were finely arched ; her forehead was splendid ; her mouth was tempting—in short, she was as pretty as you could wish a woman to be, only she had *broken her nose*—a thousand

pities, for it must once have been a very handsome one. Well, to continue, I made my bow.

“ ‘You perceive, now, Sir,’ said she, ‘why I wore my veil down.’

“ ‘No, indeed,’ replied I.

“ ‘You are very polite, or very blind,’ rejoined she: ‘the latter I believe not to be the fact. I did not choose to submit to the impertinence of my own countrymen in the diligence: they would have asked me a hundred questions upon my accident. But you are an Englishman, and have respect for a female who has been unfortunate.’

“ ‘I trust I deserve your good opinion, Madam; and if I can be in any way useful to you ——’

“ ‘You can. I shall be a stranger in England. I know that in London there is a great man, one Monsieur Lis-tong, who is very clever.’

“ ‘ Very true, Madam. If your nose, instead of having been slightly injured as it is, had been left behind you in Africa, Mr. Liston would have found you another.’

“ ‘ If he will only repair the old one, I ask no more. You give me hopes. But the bones are crushed completely, as you must see.’

“ ‘ That is of no consequence. Mr. Liston has put a new eye in, to my knowledge. The party was short-sighted, and saw better with the one put in by Mr. Liston, than with the one which had been left him.’

“ ‘ *Est-il possible ? Mais, quel homme extraordinaire !* Perhaps you will do me the favour to sit with me, Monsieur ; and, if I mistake not, you have a request to make of me—*n’est ce pas ?*’

“ ‘ I feel such interest about you, Madam, that I acknowledge, if it would not be too painful to you, I should like to ask a question.’

“ ‘Which is, How did I break my nose?—Of course you want to know. And as it is the only return I can make for past or future obligations to you, you shall most certainly be gratified. I will not detain you now. I shall expect you to supper. Adieu, Monsieur.’

“ I did not, of course, fail in my appointment; and after supper she commenced:—

“ ‘The question to be answered,’ said she, ‘is, How did you break your nose?—Is it not? Well, then, at least, I shall answer it after my own fashion. So, to begin at the beginning, I am now exactly twenty-two years old. My father was tambour-majeur in the Garde Impériale. I was born in the camp—brought up in the camp—and, finally, I was married in the camp, to a lieutenant of infantry at the time. So that, you observe, I am altogether *militaire*. As a child, I was wakened up with the drum and fife, and

went to sleep with the bugles; as a girl, I became quite conversant with every military manœuvre; and now that I am a woman grown, I believe that I am more fit for the *bâton* than one half of those marshals who have gained it. I have studied little else but tactics; and have, as my poor husband said, quite a genius for them—but of that hereafter. I was married at sixteen, and have ever since followed my husband. I followed him at last to his grave. He quitted my bed for the bed of honour, where he sleeps in peace. We'll drink to his memory.'

"We emptied our glasses, when she continued:—

" 'My husband's regiment was not ordered to Africa until after the first disastrous attempt upon Constantine. It fell to our lot to assist in retrieving the honour of our army in the more successful expedition which took place, as you of course are aware, about

three months ago. I will not detain you with our embarkation or voyage. We landed from a steamer at Bona, and soon afterwards my husband's company were ordered to escort a convoy of provisions to the army which were collecting at Mzez Ammar. Well, we arrived safely at our various camps of Dréan, Nech Meyya, and Amman Berda. We made a little *détour* to visit Ghelma. I had curiosity to see it, as formerly it was an important city. I must say that a more tenable position I never beheld. But I tire you with these details.'

“ ‘On the contrary, I am delighted.’

“ ‘You are very good. I ought to have said something about the travelling in these wild countries, which is any thing but pleasant. The soil is a species of clay, hard as a flint when the weather is dry, but running into a slippery paste as soon as moistened. It is, therefore, very fatiguing,

especially in wet weather, when the soldiers slip about, in a very laughable manner to look at, but very distressing to themselves. I travelled either on horseback or in one of the waggons, as it happened. I was too well known, and I hope I may add, too well liked, not to be as well provided for as possible. It is remarkable how soon a Frenchman will make himself comfortable, wherever he may chance to be. The camp of Mzez Ammar was as busy and as lively as if it was pitched in the heart of France. The followers had built up little cabins out of the branches of trees, with their leaves on, interwoven together, all in straight lines, forming streets, very commodious, and perfectly impervious to the withering sun. There were *restaurants*, *cafés*, *débits de vin et eau-de-vie*, sausage-sellers, butchers, grocers—in fact, there was every trade almost, and every thing you required; not

very cheap certainly, but you must recollect that this little town had sprung up, as if by magic, in the heart of the desert.

“ ‘It was in the month of September that Damremont ordered a *réconnaissance* in the direction of Constantine, and a battalion of my husband’s regiment, the 47th, was ordered to form a part of it. I have said nothing about my husband. He was a good little man, and a brave officer, full of honour, but very obstinate. He never would take advice, and it was nothing but ‘*Tais-toi, Coralie,*’ all day long—but no one is perfect. He wished me to remain in the camp, but I made it a rule never to be left behind. We set off, and I rode in one of the little carriages called *cacolets*, which had been provided for the wounded. It was terrible travelling, I was jolted to atoms in the ascent of the steep mountain called the Rass-el-akba; but we gained the summit

without a shot being fired. When we arrived there, and looked down beneath us, the sight was very picturesque. There were about four or five thousand of the Arab cavalry awaiting our descent; their white bournous, as they term the long dresses in which they infold themselves, waving in the wind as they galloped at speed in every direction; while the glitter of their steel arms flashed like lightning upon your eyes. We closed our ranks and descended; the Arabs, in parties of forty or fifty, charging upon our flanks every minute, not coming to close conflict, but stopping at pistol-shot distance, discharging their guns and then wheeling off again to a distance—mere child's play, Sir; nevertheless there were some of our men wounded, and the little waggon upon which I was riding was ordered up in the advance to take them in. Unfortunately, to keep clear of the troops, the driver kept too

much on one side of the narrow defile through which we passed; the consequence was, that the waggon upset, and I was thrown out a considerable distance down the precipice ——

“ ‘ And broke your nose,’ interrupted I.

“ ‘ No indeed, Sir, I did not. I escaped with only a few contusions about the region of the hip, which certainly lamed me for some time, and made the jolting more disagreeable than ever. Well, the *réconnaissance* succeeded. Damremont was, however, wrong altogether. I told him so when I met him; but he was an obstinate old fool, and his answer was not as polite as it might have been, considering that at that time I was a very pretty woman. We returned to the camp at Mzez Ammar; a few days afterwards we were attacked by the Arabs, who showed great spirit and determination in their desultory mode of warfare, which, however, can make

no impression on such troops as the French. The attack was continued for three days, when they decamped as suddenly as they had come. But this cannot be very interesting to you, Monsieur.'

" 'On the contrary, do not, I beg, leave out a single remark or incident.'

" 'You are very good. I presume you know how we *militaires* like to fight our battles over again. Well, Sir, we remained in camp until the arrival of the Duc de Nemours—a handsome, fair lad, who smiled upon me very graciously. On the 1st of October we set off on our expedition to Constantine; that is to say, the advanced guard did, of which my husband's company formed a portion. The weather, which had been very fine, now changed, and it rained hard all the day. The whole road was one mass of mud, and there was no end to delays and accidents. However, the weather became fine again, and

on the 5th we arrived within two leagues of Constantine, when the Arabs attacked us, and I was very nearly taken prisoner.'

" ' Indeed !'

" ' Yes; my husband, who, as I before observed to you, was very obstinate, would have me ride on a *caisson* in the rear; whereas I wished to be in the advance, where my advice might have been useful. The charge of the Arabs was very sudden; the three men who were with the *caisson* were sabred, and I was in the arms of a chieftain, who was wheeling round his horse to make off with me when a ball took him in the neck, and he fell with me. I disengaged myself, seized the horse by the bridle, and prevented its escape; and I also took possession of the Arab's pistols and cimeter.'

" ' Indeed !'

" ' My husband sold the horse the next day to one of our generals, who forgot to pay

for it after my husband was killed. As for the cimeter and pistols, they were stolen from me that night: but what can you expect?—our army is brave, but a little demoralized. The next day we arrived before Constantine, and we had to defile before the enemy's guns. At one portion of the road, men and horses were tumbled over by their fire; the *caisson* that I was riding upon was upset by a ball, and thrown down the ravine, dragging the horses after it. I laid among the horses' legs—they kicking furiously; it was a miracle that my life was preserved: as it was——'

“ ‘You broke your nose,’ interrupted I.

“ ‘No, Sir, indeed I did not. I only received a kick on the arm, which obliged me to carry it in a sling for some days. The weather became very bad; we had few tents, and they were not able to resist the storms of rain and wind. We wrapped ourselves up how we could and sat in deep pools of water, and

the Arabs attacked us before we could open the fire of our batteries ; we were in such a pickle that, had the bad weather lasted, we must have retreated ; and happy would those have been who could have once more found themselves safe in the camp of Mzez Ammar. I don't think that I ever suffered so much as I did at that time—the weather had even overcome the natural gallantry of our nation ; and so far from receiving any attention, the general remark to me was, ‘ What the devil do *you* do here ?’ This to be said to a pretty woman !

“ ‘ It was not till the 10th that we could manage to open the fire of our batteries. It was mud, mud, and mud again ; the men and horses were covered with mud up to their necks—the feathers of the staff were covered with mud—every ball which was fired by the enemy sent up showers of mud ; even the face of the Duc de Nemours was disfigured with

it. I must say that our batteries were well situated, all except the great mortar battery. This I pointed out to Damremont when he passed me, and he was very savage. Great men don't like to be told of their faults ; however, he lost his life three days afterwards from not taking my advice. He was going down the hill with Rhullières when I said to him, ' Mon Général, you expose yourself too much ; that which is duty in a subaltern is a fault in a general.' He very politely told me to go to where he may chance to be himself now ; for a cannon-ball struck him a few seconds afterwards, and he was killed on the spot. General Perregaux was severely wounded almost at the same time. For four days the fighting was awful ; battery answered to battery night and day : while from every quarter of the compass we were exposed to the fierce attacks of the Arab cavalry. The commander of our army

sent a flag of truce to their town, commanding them to surrender ; and, what do you think was the reply?—" If you want powder, we'll supply you ; if you are without bread, we will send it to you : but as long as there is one good Mussulman left alive you do not enter the town."—Was not that grand ? The very reply, when made known to the troops, filled them with admiration of their enemy, and they swore by their colours that if ever they overpowered them they would give them no quarter.

" " In two days, General Vallée, to whom the command fell upon the death of Damremont, considered the breach sufficiently wide for the assault, and we every hour expected that the order would be given. It came at last. My poor husband was in the second column which mounted. Strange to say, he was very melancholy on that morning, and

appeared to have a presentiment of what was to take place. "Coralie," said he to me, as he was scraping the mud off his trousers with his pocket-knife, "if I fall, you will do well. I leave you as a legacy to General Vallée—he will appreciate you. Do not forget to let him know my testamentary dispositions."

"I promised I would not. The drums beat. He kissed me on both cheeks. "Go, my Philippe," said I; "go to glory." He did; for a mine was sprung, and he with many others was blown to atoms. I had watched the advance of the column, and was able to distinguish the form of my dear Philippe when the explosion with the vast column of smoke took place. When it cleared away, I could see the wounded in every direction hastening back; but my husband was not among them. In the meantime the other

columns entered the breach—the firing was awful, and the carnage dreadful. It was more than an hour after the assault commenced before the French tricolor waved upon the minarets of Constantine.

“ ‘It was not until the next day that I could make up my mind to search for my husband’s body; but it was my duty. I climbed up the breach, strewed with the corpses of our brave soldiers, intermingled with those of the Arabs; but I could not find my husband. At last a head which had been blown off attracted my attention. I examined it—it was my Philippe’s, blackened and burnt, and terribly disfigured: but who can disguise the fragment of a husband from the keen eyes of the wife of his bosom? I leaned over it. “My poor Philippe!” exclaimed I; and the tears were bedewing my cheeks when I perceived the Duc de Nemours

close to me, with all his staff attending him. "What have we here?" said he, with surprise, to those about him. "A wife, looking for her husband's body, mon Prince," replied I. "I cannot find it; but here is his head." He said something very complimentary and kind, and then walked on. I continued my search without success, and determined to take up my quarters in the town. As I clambered along, I gained a battered wall; and, putting my foot on it, it gave way with me, and I fell down several feet. Stunned with the blow, I remained for some time insensible; when I came to, I found——'

;' 'That you had broken your nose.'

"No, indeed; I had sprained my ankle and hurt the cap of my knee, but my nose was quite perfect. You must have a little patience yet.

"What fragments of my husband were

found, were buried in a large grave, which held the bodies and the mutilated portions of the killed; and, having obtained possession of an apartment in Constantine, I remained there several days, lamenting his fate. At last it occurred to me that his testamentary dispositions should be attended to, and I wrote to General Vallée, informing him of the last wishes of my husband. His reply was very short: it was, that he was excessively flattered, but press of business would not permit him to administer to the will. It was not polite.

“ ‘ On the 26th I quitted Constantine with a convoy of wounded men. The dysentery and the cholera made fearful ravages, and I very soon had a *caisson* all to myself. The rain again came on in torrents, and it was a dreadful funeral procession. Every minute wretches, jolted to death, were thrown down

into pits by the road-side, and the cries of those who survived were dreadful. Many died of cold and hunger ; and after three days we arrived at the camp of Mzez Ammar, with the loss of more than one-half of our sufferers.

“ ‘ I took possession of one of the huts built of the boughs of the trees which I formerly described, and had leisure to think over my future plans and prospects. I was young and pretty, and hope did not desert me. I had recovered my baggage, which I had left at the camp, and was now able to attend to my toilet. The young officers who were in the camp paid me great attention, and were constantly passing and repassing to have a peep at the handsome widow, as they were pleased to call me : and now comes the history of my misfortune.

“ ‘ The cabin built of boughs which I

occupied was double ; one portion was fenced off from the other with a wattling of branches, which ran up about seven feet, but not so high as the roof. In one apartment I was located, the other was occupied by a young officer who paid me attention, but who was not to my liking. I had been walking out in the cool of the evening and had returned, when I heard voices in the other apartment ; I entered softly and they did not perceive my approach ; they were talking about me, and I must say that the expressions were very complimentary. At last one of the party observed, “ Well, she is a splendid woman, and a good soldier’s wife. I hope to be a general by and by, and she would not disgrace a marshal’s baton. I think I shall propose to her before we leave the camp.”

“ ‘ Now, Sir, I did not recognize the

speaker by his voice, and, flattered by the remark, I was anxious to know who it could be who was thus prepossessed in my favour. I thought that if I could climb up on the back of the only chair which was in my apartment, I should be able to see over the partition and satisfy my curiosity. I did so, and without noise; and I was just putting my head over to take a survey of the tenants of the other apartment when the chair tilted, and down I came on the floor, and on my face. Unfortunately, I hit my nose upon the edge of the fryingpan, with which my poor Philippe and I used to cook our meat: and now, Sir, you know how it was that I broke my nose.'

" 'What a pity!' observed I.

" 'Yes; a great pity. I had gone through the whole campaign without any serious accident, and —— But after all it

was very natural: the two besetting evils of women are Vanity and Curiosity, and if you were to ascertain the truth, you would find that it is upon these two stumbling-blocks that most women are upset and break their noses.'

" 'Very true, madam,' replied I. 'I thank you for your narrative, and shall be most happy to be of any use to you. But I will detain you from your rest no longer, so wish you a very good night.' "

" Well, Colonel," said I, as he made a sudden stop, " what occurred after that ? "

" I took great care of her until we arrived in London, saw her safe to the hotel in Leicester Square, and then took my leave. Whether Liston replaced her nose, and she is now *flanée*-ing about Paris, as beautiful as before her accident; or, whether his skill was useless to her, and she is among the *Sœurs de Cha-*

*rité*, or in a convent, I cannot say : I have never seen or heard of her since."

" Well, I know Liston, and I'll not forget to ask him about her the very first time that I meet him. Will you have another cigar?"

" No, I thank you. I've finished my cigar, my bottle, and my story, and so now good night !"

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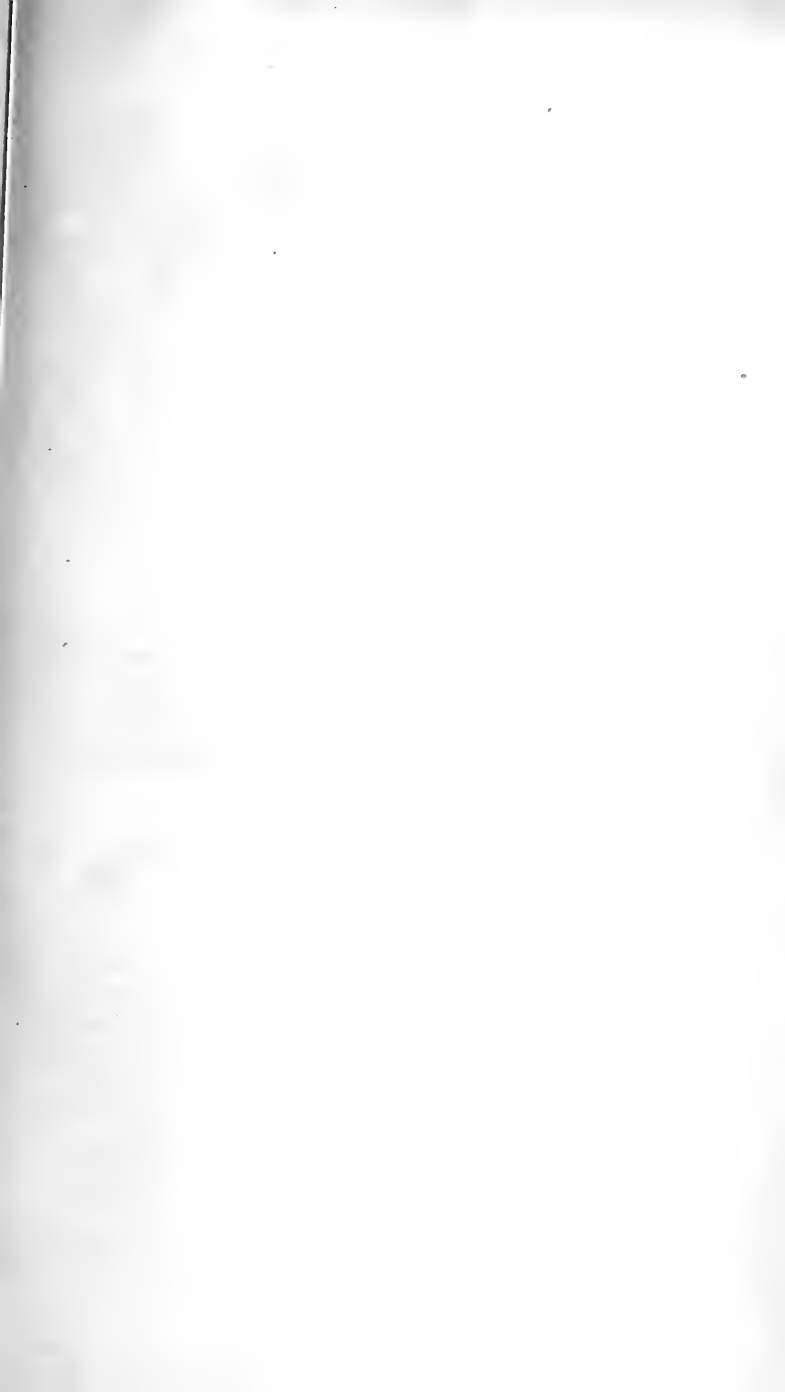
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